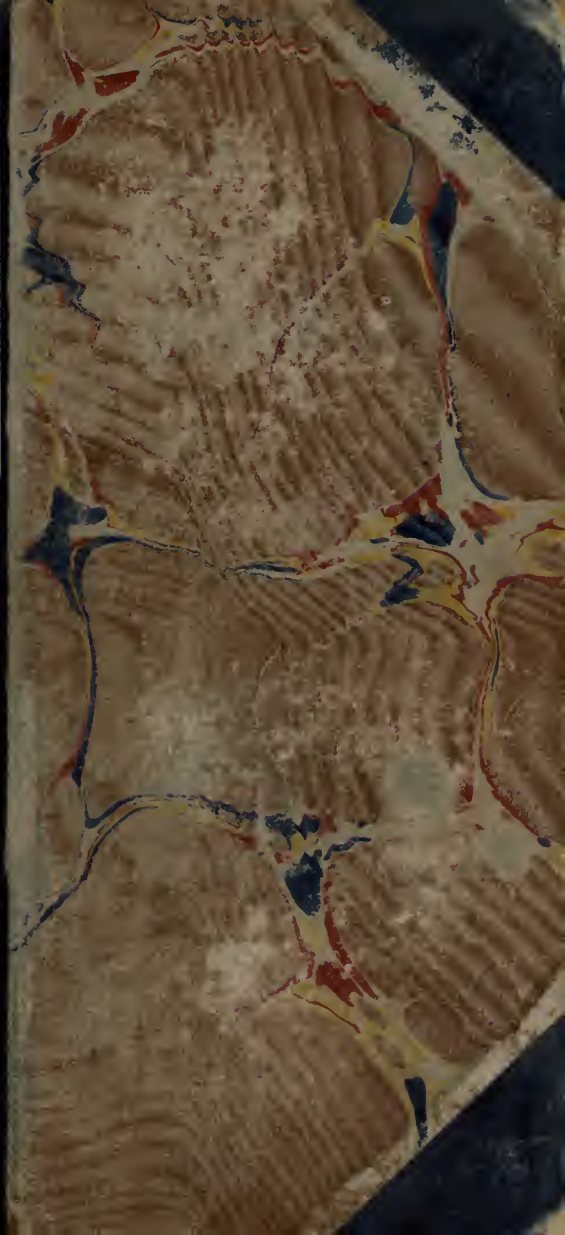


3 1761 06395765 8




307

4-

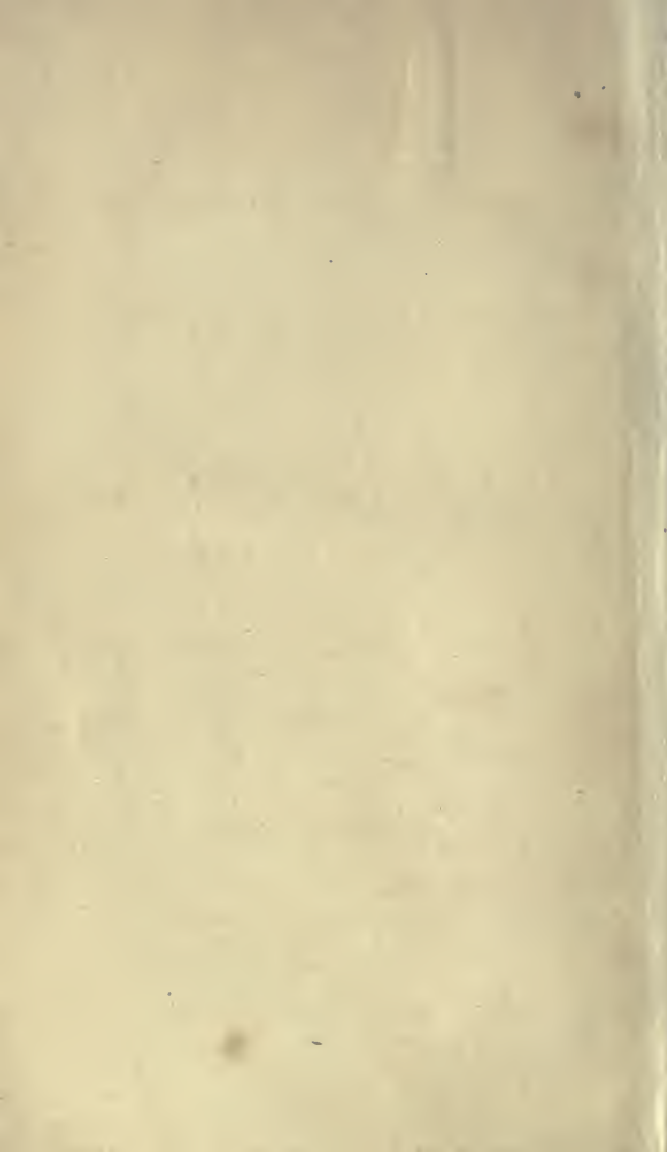
65-





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation





ANACREON,
BION, AND MOSCHUS,

WITH
OTHER TRANSLATIONS.

BY THOMAS STANLEY, ESQ.

FIRST PRINTED 1651.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH A
PREFACE, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

LONDON:

From the Private Press

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars.

1815.



PA
3622
576
1815

TO
THE REV. GEORGE LEFROY,
RECTOR OF ASHE IN HAMPSHIRE, AND
COMPTON IN SURRY,
WHOSE PATERNAL GRANDFATHER WAS DESCENDED,
IN THE FEMALE LINE,
FROM THE FAMILY OF HAMMOND,
WHICH GAVE BIRTH TO THE MOTHER OF STANLEY,
THIS REPRINT OF STANLEY'S TRANSLATIONS
IS DEDICATED.

London, April 21,
1815.

1777

THE NEW ORLEANS JOURNAL

AND THE NEW ORLEANS GAZETTE

OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

Published on Friday, the 1st of January, 1777.

By J. B. B. B. B. B.

Printed and Sold by J. B. B. B. B.

At the Office of the New Orleans Journal, in the City of New Orleans.

For the Year 1777.

Subscription Price, per Annum, in Advance, Five Dollars.

Single Copies, for Sale, at the Office of the Journal.

Advertisements, for the Year 1777, at the Office of the Journal.

For the Year 1777, at the Office of the Journal.

For the Year 1777, at the Office of the Journal.

PREFACE.

A SHORT memoir of THOMAS STANLEY, the author of the translations, now reprinted, has been prefixed to the new edition of his *Original Poems*, lately given to the public. It would have been desirable, if more information could have been gathered regarding a writer, who deserved so well of literature both for his genius and his learning. He was born about 1625, the son of Sir Thomas Stanley of Laytonstone in Essex, and of Cumberlow in Hertfordshire, Kt. by Mary, daughter of Sir William Hammond of St. Albans Court in East Kent, Kt., and married Dorothy, daughter and coheir of Sir James Enyon of Flower, in Northamptonshire, Bart. He died in London, April 12th, 1678, aged about 53.

That he was a man of deep and extensive learning, his *History of Philosophy*, 1655, &c. sufficiently evinces : that he had an elegant and sparkling genius,

his original poems demonstrate. The present reprint will put his classical attainments, and critical knowledge of the Greek language, beyond a question.

That a little volume, containing a translation of the most popular of all the Greek poets, admirably executed, at least if compared with cotemporary productions, and enriched by copious annotations at once gratifying to scholars for nicety of criticism, and attractive to readers of general taste by the illustrations they exhibit from a wide range of French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese literature, selected by an exercised and accurate judgment—that a little volume of so much merit should never have had but one impression, even when the copies of that impression so rarely occurred, that they are seldom to be found even in the most curious libraries, and are therefore rarely known, either to the Greek scholar, or the Archaïologist, cannot easily be accounted for! Whatever was the cause, the time is arrived, when a growing curiosity for the compositions of former centuries will justify the revival of this volume from unmerited oblivion. This may be said in defiance of the idle sarcasms against

the modern practice of reprinting rare books, as if every thing which had either never enjoyed fame, or had been forgotten, deserved its fate; or, as if every reprint was to be involved in one general proscription, because a few injudicious selections have been made either by tasteless or half-educated Editors.

It appears by the list of editions and translations at the end of the preface to MOORE'S beautiful *Translation of Anacreon*, that the elegant and learned translator had never seen STANLEY'S volume. If it were only for the accurate comparison of the progress of our poetical phraseology, at the distance of a century and an half, which the juxtaposition of these two translations affords, the use of the present reprint will not be controverted by any sound and cultivated judgment.

On the following pages therefore I will give two specimens of Stanley and Moore, placed side by side, that the reader may have an opportunity of minutely examining them together.

ODE XXIII.

By Stanley.

If I thought that gold had power
To prolong my life one hour,
I should lay it up, to fee
Death when come to summon me.

But if life cannot be bought,
Why complain I then for nought?

Death not brib'd at any price,
To what end is avarice?

Fill me then some wine; but see
That it brisk and racy be,
Such as may cold bloods inflame;
For by Bacchus arm'd, we'll aim
At Cythera's highest pleasure;
Wine and love's the only treasure.

*By Moore.**

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore,
And every day should swell my store;
That when the fates would send their
minion,

To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day;
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for trea-
sures?

Mine be the brilliant round of plea-
sures!

The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!
Mine be the nymphs whose form
reposes

Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress.

* It occurs in Moore as Ode 36.

I will give one more comparison,

ODE VII. The Chase.

By Stanley.

With a whip of lillies, Love
Swiftly me before him drove:
On we cours'd it; thro' deep floods,
Hollow valleys, and rough woods;

Till a snake, that lurking lay,
Chanc'd to sting me by the way:
Now my soul was nigh to death;
Ebbing, flowing with my breath;
When Love, fanning with his wings,
Back my fleeting spirit brings;
"Learn," saith he, "another day,
Love without constraint t' obey."

*By Moore.**

Arm'd with a hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,)
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race;
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake, and pendent steep,
With weary feet I panting flew;
My brow was chill with drops of dew;
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was fondly flying;
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head;
And fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom;
Then said, in accents half reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

It is unnecessary for me again to repeat the words of Stanley, because they will be found in the text: but I cannot refrain from inserting here the following exquisite paraphrase rather than translation of the Second† Ode by Moore.

* It occurs in Moore as Ode 31.

† It occurs in Moore as Ode 24.

ODE II.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has nature given :
When the majestic Bull was born,
She fenc'd his brow with wreathed horn ;
She arm'd the Courser's foot of air ;
And wing'd with speed the panting Hare ;
She gave the Lion fangs of terror ;
And on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along ;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.
To Man she gave the flame refin'd,
The spark of heaven—a *thinking* mind !
And had she no surpassing treasure,
For thee, oh Woman ! child of pleasure ?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies !
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire !
Woman ! be fair ; we must adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee !

But let any scholar of real taste examine with severity the various pretensions to notice, of the translations by Stanley now offered to them; and the Editor will willingly abide his decision as to the use of the present reprint.

To attempt to account for the oblivion, which has followed some productions of great merit, while it has been the happier fate of others still to continue *virum volitare per ora*, would in the present Editor's opinion be vain. It is a fashionable assertion that fame is distributed with tolerable justice, and that authors are seldom forgotten, unless they deserve to be so; and as seldom remembered long, without adequate merit. But all this is empty babble, flowing perhaps from some one, who having attained popularity, is anxious to persuade the world that popularity is the only test of desert. Nor is the world less inclined to receive a doctrine which proclaims the superiority of their own taste.

But we know, there was a time when Milton had no popularity; and when Cleveland, with all the numerous tribe of *minor* poets, now known only to

antiquaries and collectors, could command twenty readers, for every one that this illustrious bard could engage. The juvenile pieces of this inspired author, breathing in every word exquisite poetry of a perfectly new cast, the *L'Allegro*, the *Il Penseroso*, the *Comus*, the *Lycidas*, seem to have been almost unknown to cotemporary versifiers, or readers of cotemporary verse. Nor does it seem, that, till Addison's criticism, the *Paradise Lost* became a work of general perusal. If so, popular attention even to a composition of transcendent excellence, and almost superhuman genius, seems in a great degree to have depended on accident.

After dwelling on this lofty and venerable name, there is some difficulty in again descending to that of Stanley. The prettiness of a mind full of conceits, and laboriously pursuing artificial allusions, is not in unison with the pastoral simplicity, the picturesque imagery, or the unadorned magnificence, of the immortal epic poet.

He who has leisure for artifice of diction or dress, has a mind, which neither its own movements, nor

the simple forms of things, in their native energy, can fill. Of this class perhaps was Stanley. His genius was subordinate, and imitative. Still, in this class, his attainments were high; his powers considerable; and the praise he merits such, as ought to secure him a fair fame with posterity. The master of so many languages; the expounder of so much abstruse learning; the possessor and communicator of so much cultivated taste; the versifier of such numerous and diversified poems; the writer of such a copious, and often elegant diction; nay, the inventor of some ingenious, though affected, amatory songs, deserves a place in the temple of Fame, far above the lowest, or even above those who are entitled to a middle seat.

But is it not strange, that of him, whose whole life was spent in a vigorous pursuit of useful and elegant literature, so little should be known? We have traced his birth, and his alliances; we have found them to be neither obscure, nor few: we have seen that his marriage, as well as his descent, brought with it good estates. These advantages seemed to

place him above an obscure course of life. Yet the memory of his actions, and his habits, is buried with him in the grave. No vestige of them can be traced by the Editor: and his descendants, if any exist, have eluded the search of the genealogist.

It has been mentioned that Stanley's grandmother was niece to George Sandys, the poet, and to Sir Edwin Sandys, author of *Europæ Speculum*; that Sir John Marsham the chronologist married his aunt; that William Hammond, a cotemporary poet*, was his uncle; and that Dr. W. Wotton married a near relation. His uncle Anthony Hammond, also, married a daughter of Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls, in whose family there were then two poets, and whose father and grandfather were two most eminent mathematicians. Among Stanley's intimate friends were Richard Lovelace, James Shirley, William Fairfax, Sir Edward Sherborne, John Hall of Durham; and to these we may add

* A reprint of this author's scarce volume of poems will appear in a few days in 4to, from Bensley's press. The impression is limited to 61 copies.

Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, if we may judge by the dedication to the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675.

Mr. Haslewood possesses the publication of Stanley's poems, which were set to music by *Gamble*. And, perhaps, the public will soon benefit by a communication of the contents of this rare book, which has not fallen in the present Editor's way.

I take this opportunity of adding the following commendatory poems to Stanley from the scarce volumes of Richard Lovelace, and John Hall.

An Anniversary on the Hymeneals of my noble kinsman, Thomas Stanley, Esq.

From the posthume Poems of Col. Richard Lovelace.

1.

The day is curl'd about again,
To view the splendor she was in ;
 When first with hallow'd hands
The holy man knit the mysterious bands
When you your two mysterious souls did move,
 Like cherubims above,
 And did make love,

As your un-understanding issue now,
In a glad sigh, a smile, a tear, a vow.

2.

Tell me, O self-reviving sun,
In thy peregrination,
Hast thou beheld a pair
Twist their soft beams like these in their chaste air.
As from bright numberless embracing rays
Are sprung the industrious days;
So when they gaze,
And change their fertile eyes with the new-morn,
A beauteous offspring is shot forth, not born.

3.

Be witness then, all-seeing Sun,
Old spy, thou that thy race hast run
In full five thousand rings,
To thee were ever purer offerings
Sent on the wings of faith, and thou of night
Curtain of their delight;
By these made bright,
Have you not masked their celestial play,
And no more piqued the gaiety of day.

4.

Come then, pale Virgins, roses strew,
Mingled with Io's as you go!

The snowy ox is kill'd;
The fane with proselite lads and lasses fill'd:
You too may hope the same seraphic joy.

Old time cannot destroy
Nor fullness cloy,
When like these you shall stamp by sympathies
Thousands of new-born loves with your chaste eyes.

*To my noble kinsman, T. S[tanley], Esq. on his
Lyric composed by Mr. J. G[amble].*

From the same.

1.

What means this stately tablature,
The balance of thy strains?
Which seems, instead of sifting pure,
T'extend and rack thy veins?
Thy odes first their own harmony did break,
For singing troth is but in tune to speak.

2.

Nor thus thy golden feet and wings,
 May it be thought false melody,
T' ascend to heaven by silver strings ;
 This is Urania's heraldry ;
Thy royal poems now we may extol ;
And truly Luna blazon'd upon Sol.

3.

As when Amphion first did call
 Each listening stone from's den ;
And with the lute did form his wall,
 But with his words the men ;
So in your twisted numbers now, you thus,
Not only stocks pervade, but ravish us.

4.

Thus do your airs echo o'er
 The notes and anthems of the spheres ;
And their whole consort back restore,
 As if earth too would bless heaven's ears.
But yet the spokes, by which they scal'd so high,
Gamble hath wisely laid of *Ut Re Mi*.

*To my noble friend Thomas Stanley, Esq.
on his Poems*.*

By John Hall of Durham, 1646†.

Who would commend thee, friend ; and thinks 't maybe
Performed by a faint hyperbole,
Might also call thee but a man ; or dare
To praise thy mistress with the term of fair.
But I, the choicest of whose knowledge is
The knowing thee, cannot so grossly miss.
Since thou art set so high, no words can give
An equal character, but negative.
Subtract the earth, and baseness of this age ;
Admit no wild-fire in poetic rage ;
Cast out of learning whatsoever's vain ;
Let ignorance no more haunt noblemen ;
Nor humour travellers ; let wits be free
From overweening ; and the rest is thee.

The noble soul ! whose early flights are far
Sublimar than old eagles soaring are,

* See in Stanley's Poems, p. 94. verses to *Hall* on his *Essays*.

† Hall's Poems. 1646, 12mo. are dedicated to Stanley.

Who light'st love's dying torch with purer fire,
And breath'st new life into the Teian lyre;
That Love's best secretaries that are past,
Liv'd they, might learn to love, and yet be chaste,
Nay, Vestals might as well such sonnets hear,
As keep their vows, and thy black riband wear;
So chaste is all, that, though in each line lie
More Amoretto's than in Doris' eye,
Yet so they're charm'd, that look'd upon, they prove
Harmless as Chariessa's nightly love.
So powerful is that tongue, that hand; that can
Make soft Ionics turn grave Lydian!
How oft this heavy leaden Saturnine
And never elevated soul of mine,
Hath been pluck'd up by thee! and forc'd away,
Enlarged from her still adhering clay!
How every line still pleas'd; when that was o'er,
I cancel'd it, and prais'd the other more!
That if thou writ'st but on, my thoughts shall be
Almost engulf'd in an infinity.

But, dearest friend, what law's power ever gave
To make one's own free first born babe his slave;
Nay, manumise it, for what else wil't be
To strangle, but deny it liberty?

Once lend the world a day of thine, and fight
The trembling still-born children of the night,
That at the last we undeceiv'd may see
Theirs were but fancies ; thine is poetry.

Sweet swan of silver Thames ! but only she
Sings not till death ; thou in thy infancy.

To Mr. Stanley, after his return from France.

By the same.

Bewitched senses, do you lie,
And cast some shadow o'er mine eye ;
Or do I noble STANLEY see ?
What ! may I trust you ? is it he ?
Confess, and yet be gradual,
Lest sudden joy so heavy fall
Upon my soul, and sink into
A deeper agony of woe :
'Tis he, 'tis he : we are no more
A barb'rous nation ; he brought o'er
As much humanity, as may
Well civilize America ;
More learning than might Athens raise
To glory in her proudest days.

With reason might the boiling main
Be calm ; and hoary Neptune chain
Those winds that might disturbers be,
Whilst our Apollo was at sea ;
And made her for all knowledge stand
In competition with the land :
Had but the courteous dolphins heard
One note of his, they would have dar'd
To quit the waters, to enjoy
In banishment such melody ;
And had the mimic Proteus known,
H' had left his ugly land, and grown
A curious Syren, to betray
This young Ulysses to some stay ;
But juster Fates denied ; nor would
Another land that genius hold,
As could, beyond all wonder hurl'd,
Fathom the intellectual world.
But whither run I ? I intend
To welcome only ; not commend ;
But that thy virtues render it
No private ; but a public debt.

To Mr. Stanley.

By the same.

Stars in their rising little shew,
And send forth trembling flames ; but thou
At first appearance dost display
A bright and unobscured day :
Such as shall fear no night ; nor shall
Thy setting be heliacal ;
But grow up to a sun, and take
A laurel for thy zodiac ;
That all which henceforth shall arise,
May only be thy parelies !

John Hall's dedication of his Poems, is in the following words :

*To his truly noble, and worthily honored friend,
Thomas Stanley, Esq.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Since it is the hard fortune of these glow-worms to see day, I wish they might have passed your examination ; for I know you to be a severe critic in poetry, as well as in philology, and the sciences :

but since others importunities, and mine own pressing occasions have denied it, I must present them loaden with their own blemishes, that being fitter objects of pardon, they may draw in pardoning more demonstrations of your candour, and add to my engagements, could they receive augmentation. I will not commit a rape upon your modesty by any praises, though Truth herself might be your panegyrist, and yet continue naked; give me only leave to tell you from mine own experience, that love is more than a mere sympathy: for admiration did first attract my thoughts to you, and after fix them; though it were only your innate sweetness that received them with an undeserved entertainment. Sir, what I was first indebted to you at Durham, I endeavour to acquit here in part at Cambridge: for the total, though it be rather above my ability, than desires, yet should I hate the thought of a general discharge; let me only beg of you that these cherry-stones may draw from you your own pearls, which cannot but break themselves a day through that darkness, to which you now confine them. Let us once see Fancy

triumph in the spoils of the richest learning, there will many, no doubt, press to follow the chariot; yet shall none be more forward than

Sir,

Your most affectionately

devoted servant,

St. John's,
Jan. 6, 1646.

J. HALL.

A subsequent, and I believe posthumous, volume of Hall's Poems, entitled *Emblems*, is dedicated by R. Daniel the printer, to Mrs. Dorothy Stanley, the poet's wife*.

An Epithalamium on the much honoured Pair,
T. S[tanley], Esq. and Mrs. D[orothy] E[nyon].

By Thomas Jordan †.

So at the first the soul and body met,
When the Creator did in council sit,
To make a little world command the great.

* See *Restituta* ii. 188.

† From his *Claraphil, and Clarinda, in a Forest of Fancies*. See *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 183.

Nor are your flames less innocent than they
Before the grand impostor did display .
Their fatal freedoms to the world's decay.

Therefore let all, that heaven can dispense
To royal mankind, in the soul and sense,
Possess ye with seraphic influence!

May all the promised blessings on each nation,
From Genesis to John's high revelation,
Contribute to your cordial coronation!

May lovers light their torches at your flame ;
And may the power of STANLEY's single name
Prove the sublimest epithet of fame!

May your hearts fix above the force of fate;
May neither prince's frown nor people's hate,
Your fair affections dis-unanimate!

May ye have all ye can desire! and when
Your wishes have outvied the thoughts of men,
Some Power direct you how to wish again!

There are several pieces addressed to Stanley in the Poems of his uncle William Hammond, 1655, a scarce volume, of which a reprint, consisting of only 61 copies, is ready for publication.

ANACREON. BION. MOSCHUS.

KISSES,
BY SECUNDUS.

CUPID CRUCIFIED,
BY AUSONIUS.

VENUS' VIGILS,
Incerto Authore.



PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1651.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

1794

—

Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

ANACREON.

MEMORIAL

AND
VINDICATION

ANACREON.

THE LUTE.

I.

OF th' Atrides I would sing,
Or the wand'ring Theban king;
But when I my lute did prove,
Nothing it would sound but love;
I new strung it, and to play
Hercules labours did essay;
But my pains I fruitless found;
Nothing it but love would sound:
Heroes then farewell, my lute
To all strains but love is mute.

BEAUTY.

II.

HORNS to bulls wise Nature lends ;
Horses she with hoofs defends ;
Hares with nimble feet relieves ;
Dreadful teeth to lions gives ;
Fishes learns through streams to slide ;
Birds through yielding air to glide ;
Men with courage she supplies ;
But to women these denies.
What then gives she ? Beauty : this
Both their arms and armour is :
She, that can this weapon use,
Fire and sword with ease subdues.

LOVE'S NIGHT WALK.

III.

DOWNWARD was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner :

Men by powerful sleep opprest,
Gave their busy troubles rest ;
Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light ;
Where, perceiving all fast lock'd,
At the door he boldly knock'd.
Who's that (said I) that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep ?
“ Ope” (saith Love) “ for pity hear,
’Tis a child thou need’st not fear,
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray.”
With compassion this I heard ;
Light I struck, the door unbarr’d ;
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears ;
Near the fire I made him stand,
With my own I chaf’d his hand,
And with kindly busy care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair.

When well warm'd he was, and dry,
“ Now” (saith he) “ ’tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet.”
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc’d my heart ;
Leaping then, and laughing said,
“ Come, my friend, with me be glad ;
For my bow thou seest is sound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound.”

IV.

ON this verdant lotus laid,
Underneath the myrtle’s shade,
Let us drink our sorrows dead,
Whilst Love plays the Ganimed.
Life like to a wheel runs round,
And ere long, we underground
(Ta’en by death asunder) must
Moulder in forgotten dust.

Why then graves should we bedew ?
Why the ground with odours strew ?
Better whilst alive, prepare
Flowers and unguents for our hair ;
Come, my fair one ! come away ;
All our cares behind us lay,
That these pleasures we may know,
Ere we come to those below.

ROSES.

V.

ROSES (Love's delight) let's join
To the red-cheek'd god of wine ;
Roses crown us, while we laugh,
And the juice of Autumn quaff !
Roses of all flowers the king,
Roses the fresh pride o' th' Spring,
Joy of every deity.
Love, when with the Graces he

For the ball himself disposes,
Crowns his golden hair with roses.
Circling then with these our brow,
We'll to Bacchus' temple go :
There some willing beauty lead,
And a youthful measure tread.

ANOTHER.

VI.

Now with roses we are crown'd,
Let our mirth and cups go round,
Whilst a lass, whose hand a spear
Branch'd with ivy twines doth bear,
With her white feet beats the ground
To the lute's harmonious sound,
Play'd on by some boy, whose choice
Skill is heighten'd by his voice ;
Bright-hair'd Love, with his divine
Mother, and the God of Wine,

Will flock hither, glad to see
Old men of their company.

THE CHACE.

VII.

With a whip of lilies, Love
Swiftly me before him drove ;
On we cours'd it, through deep floods,
Hollow valleys, and rough woods,
Till a snake that lurking lay,
Chanc'd to sting me by the way :
Now my soul was nigh to death,
Ebbing, flowing with my breath ;
When Love, fanning with his wings,
Back my fleeting spirit brings ;
“ Learn” (saith he) “ another day
Love without constraint t' obey.”

THE DREAM.

VIII.

As on purple carpets I
Charm'd by wine in slumber lie,
With a troop of maids (resorted
There to play) methought I sported ;
Whose companions, lovely boys,
Interrupt me with rude noise ;
Yet I offer made to kiss them,
But o' th' sudden wake and miss them.
Vext to see them thus forsake me,
I to sleep again betake me.

THE DOVE.

IX.

WHITHER flies my pretty dove ?
Whither, nimble scout of Love ?

From whose wings perfumes distil,
And the air with sweetness fill.
“ Is't to thee which way I'm bent ?
By Anacreon I am sent
To Rodantha, she who all
Hearts commands, Love's general.
I to Venus did belong,
But she sold me for a song
To her poet; his I am,
And from him this letter came,
For which he hath promis'd me
That ere long he'll set me free :
But though freedom I should gain,
I with him would still remain ;
For what profit were the change,
Fields from tree to tree to range,
And on hips and haws to feed,
When I may at home pick bread
From his hand, and freely sup
Purest wine from his own cup ?

Hovering then with wings display'd,
I my master overshade ;
And if night invite to rest,
In his harp I make my nest.

Now thou dost my errand know,
Friend, without more questions go ;
For thy curiosity
Makes me to outchat a pie."



LOVE IN WAX.

X.

As Love's image, to be sold,
Wrought in wax I did behold,
To the man I went ; " what is,
Friend," (said I) " the price of this ?"
" Give me what you please," (he said)
" This belongs not to my trade,

And so dangerous a guest,
In my house I'm loth should rest."
" Give m' him for this piece," (said I)
" And the boy with me shall lie ;
But Love see thou now melt me,
Or I'll do as much for thee."



THE OLD LOVER.

XI.

By the women I am told
" 'Las! Anacreon thou grow'st old,
Take thy glass and look else, there
Thou wilt see thy temples bare ;"
Whether I be bald or no,
That I know not, this I know,
Pleasures, as less time to try
Old men have, they more should ply.

THE SWALLOW.

XII.

CHATTERING swallow ! what shall we,
Shall we do to punish thee ?
Shall we clip thy wings, or cut
Tereus like thy shrill tongue out ?
Who Rodantha driv'st away
From my dreams by break of day.

XIII.

ATIS though deserted groves,
Cybele invoking roves ;
And like madness them befel
Who were drunk at Phœbus' well ;
But I willingly will prove
Both these furies, Wine, and Love.

THE COMBAT.

XIV.

Now will I a lover be ;
Love himself commanded me.
Full at first of stubborn pride,
To submit my soul denied ;
He his quiver takes and bow,
Bids defiance, forth I go,
Arm'd with spear and shield, we meet ;
On he charges, I retreat :
Till^d perceiving in the fight
He had wasted every flight,
Into me, with fury hot,
Like a dart himself he shot
And my cold heart melts ; my shield
Useless, no defence could yield ;
For what boots an outward skreen
When (alas) the fight's within !

XV.

I NOT care for Gyges' sway,
Or the Lydian sceptre weigh;
Nor am covetous of gold,
Nor with envy kings behold;
All my care is to prepare
Fragrant unguents for my hair;
All my care is where to get
Roses for a coronet;
All my care is for to-day;
What's to-morrow who can say?
Come then, let us drink and dice,
And to Bacchus sacrifice,
Ere death come and take us off,
Crying, Hold ! th' hast drunk enough.

THE CAPTIVE.

XVI.

THOU of Thebes, of Troy sings he;
I my own captivity;

'Twas no army, horse, or foot,
Nor a navy brought me to't,
But a stranger enemy
Shot me from my mistress' eye.

THE CUP.

XVII.

VULCAN come, thy hammer take,
And of burnish'd silver make
(Not a glittering armour, for
What have we to do with war?
But) a large deep bowl, and on it
I would have thee carve (no planet,
Pleiads, Wains, or Waggoners,
What have we to do with stars?
But to life exactly shape)
Clusters of the juicy grape;
Whilst brisk Love their bleeding heads
Hand in hand with Bacchus treads.

ANOTHER.

XVIII.

ALL thy skill if thou collect,
Make a cup as I direct ;
Roses climbing o'er the brim,
Yet must seem in wine to swim ;
Faces too there should be there,
None that frowns or wrinkles wear ;
But the sprightly Son of Jove,
With the beauteous Queen of Love ;
There, beneath a pleasant shade,
By a vine's wide branches made,
Must the Loves, their arms laid by,
Keep the Graces company ;
And the bright-hair'd god of day
With a youthful bevy play.

XIX.

FRUITFUL earth drinks up the rain ;
Trees from earth drink that again ;

The sea drinks the air, the sun
Drinks the sea, and him the moon.
Is it reason then, d'ye think,
I should thirst when all else drink?

THE WISH.

XX.

NIOBE on Phrygian sands
Turn'd a weeping statue stands,
And the Pandionian Maid
In a swallow's wings array'd ;
But a mirror I would be,
To be look'd on still by thee ;
Or the gown wherein thou'rt drest,
That I might thy limbs invest ;
Or a crystal spring, wherein
Thou might'st bathe thy purer skin ;

Or sweet unguents, to anoint
And make supple every joint ;
Or a knot, thy breast to deck ;
Or a chain to clasp thy neck ;
Or thy shoe I wish to be,
That thou might'st but tread on me.

XXI.

REACH me here that full crown'd cup,
And at once I'll drink it up ;
For my overcharged breast
Pants for drowth, with care opprest ;
Whilst a chaplet of cool roses
My distemper'd brow incloses ;
Love I'll drench in wine ; for these
Flames alone can his appease.

THE INVITATION.

XXII.

COME, my fair, the heat t' evade,
Let us sit beneath this shade ;
See, the tree doth bow his head,
And his arms t' invite thee spread ;
Hark, the kind persuasive spring
Murmurs at thy tarrying :
Who molested by the sun
Would so sweet a refuge shun ?

XXIII.

IF I thought that gold had power
To prolong my life one hour,
I should lay it up, to fee
Death, when come to summon me ;
But if life cannot be bought,
Why complain I then for nought ?

Death not brib'd at any price,
To what end 'is avarice?
Fill me then some wine; but see
That it brisk and racy be,
Such as may cold bloods inflame,
For by Bacchus arm'd we'll aim
At Cythera's highest pleasure:
Wine and love's the only treasure.

XXIV.

I AM sprung of human seed,
For a life's short race decreed;
Though I know the way I've gone,
That which is to come's unknown;
Busy thoughts do not disturb me;
What have you to do to curb me?
Come, some wine and music give,
Ere we die, 'tis fit we live.

XXV.

WHEN with wine my soul is arm'd,
All my grief and tears are charm'd ;
Life in toils why should we waste,
When we're sure to die at last ?
Drink we then, nor Bacchus spare,
Wine's the antidote of Care.

XXVI.

WHEN my sense in wine I steep,
All my cares are lull'd asleep :
Rich in thought, I then despise
Cræsus, and his royalties ;
Whilst with ivy twines I wreath me,
And sing all the world beneath me.
Others run to martial fights,
I to Bacchus's delights ;
Fill the cup then boy, for I
Drunk than dead had rather lie.

XXVII.

Jove-born Bacchus, when possess
(Care exiling) of my breast,
In a sprightly saraband
Guides my foot and ready hand,
Which an even measure sets
'Twixt my voice and castanets ;
Tir'd we sit and kiss, and then
To our dancing fall again.

*THE PICTURE.*

XXVIII.

PAINTER, by unmatch'd desert
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, my absent mistress take,
As I shall describe her ; make
First her hair, as black as bright,
And if colours so much right

Can but do her, let it too
Smell of aromatic dew ;
Underneath this shade, must thou
Draw her alabaster brow ;
Her dark eye-brows so dispose
That they neither part nor close,
But by a divorce so slight
Be disjoin'd, may cheat the sight :
From her kindly killing eye
Make a flash of lightning fly,
Sparkling like Minerva's, yet
Like Cythera's mildly sweet :
Roses in milk swimming seek
For the pattern of her cheek :
In her lip such moving blisses,
As from all may challenge kisses ;
Round about her neck (outvying
Parian stone) the Graces flying ;
And o'er all her limbs at last
A loose purple mantle cast ;

But so ordered that the éye
Some part naked may descry,
An essay by which the rest
That lies hidden may be guess'd.

So, to life th' hast come so near,
All of her, but voice, is here.

ANOTHER.

XXIX.

DRAW my fair as I command,
Whilst my fancy guides thy hand.
Black her hair must be, yet bright,
Tipt, as with a golden light,
In loose curls thrown o'er her dress
With a graceful carelessness ;
On each side her forehead crown
With an arch of sable down ;

In her black and sprightly eye
Sweetness mix with majesty,
That the soul of every lover
There 'twixt hope and fear may hover :
In her cheek a blushing red
Must by bashfulness be spread ;
Such her lips, as if from thence
Stole a silent eloquence :
Round her face, her forehead high,
Neck surpassing ivory ;
But why all this care to make
Her description need we take ?
Draw her with exactest art
After Venus in each part ;
Or to Samos go, and there
Venus thou mayst draw by her.

LOVE IMPRISONED.

XXX.

Love, in rosy fetters caught,
To my fair the Muses brought;
Gifts his mother did prefer
To release the prisoner,
But he'd not be gone though free,
Pleas'd with his captivity.

XXXI.

Pr'ythee trouble me no more;
I will drink, be mad, and roar:
Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Mad, when they their mothers slew:
But I no man having kill'd
Am with hurtless fury fill'd.
Hercules with madness struck,
Bent his bow, his quiver shook;
Ajax mad, did fiercely wield
Hector's sword, and grasp'd his shield:

I nor spear nor target have,
But this cup (my weapon) wave:
Crown'd with roses, thus for more
Wine I call, drink, dance, and roar.

*THE ACCOMPT.*

XXXII.

If thou dost the number know
Of the leaves on every bough,
If thou can'st the reckoning keep
Of the sands within the deep;
Thee of all men will I take,
And my Love's accomptant make,
Of Athenians first a score
Set me down; then fifteen more;
Add a regiment to these
Of Corinthian mistresses;
For the most renown'd for fair
In Achæa, sojourn there;

Next our Lesbian Beauties tell ;
Those that in Ionia dwell ;
Those of Rhodes and Caria count ;
To two thousand they amount.
Wonder'st thou I love so many ?
'Las of Syria we not any,
Egypt yet, nor Crete have told,
Where his orgies Love doth hold.
What to those then wilt thou say
Which in eastern Bactria,
Or the western Gades remain ?
But give o'er, thou toil'st in vain ;
For the sum which thou dost seek
Puzzles all arithmetic.

THE SWALLOW.

XXXIII.

GENTLE swallow, thou we know
Every year dost come and go,

In the spring thy nest thou mak'st ;
In the winter it forsak'st,
And divert'st thyself awhile
Near the Memphian towers, or Nile ;
But Love in my suffering breast
Builds, and never quits his nest ;
First one Love's hatch'd ; when that flies
In the shell another lies ;
Then a third is half expos'd ;
Then a whole brood is disclos'd,
Which for meat still peeping cry,
Whilst the others that can fly
Do their callow brethren feed,
And grown up, they young ones breed.
What then will become of me
Bound to pain incessantly,
Whilst so many Loves conspire,
Or my heart by turns to tire.

XXXIV.

THOUGH my aged head be grey,
And thy youth more fresh than May,
Fly me not; oh! rather see
In this wreath how gracefully
Roses with pale lilies join:
Learn of them, so let us twine.

EUROPA.

XXXV.

THIS the figure is of Jove,
To a bull transform'd by Love,
On whose back the Tyrian Maid
Through the surges was convey'd:
See how swiftly he the wide
Sea doth with strong hoofs divide;
He (and he alone) could swim,
None o'th' herd e'er follow'd him.

XXXVI.

VEX no more thyself and me
With demure philosophy :
Hollow precepts, only fit
To amuse the busy wit ;
'Teach me brisk Lyeus' rites ;
'Teach me Venus' blithe delights ;
Jove loves water, give me wine ;
That my soul ere I resign
May this cure of sorrow have ;
There's no-drinking in the grave.



THE SPRING.

XXXVII.

SEE the Spring herself discloses,
And the Graces gather roses ;
See how the becalmed seas
Now their swelling waves appease ;

How the duck swims, how the crane
Comes from's winter home again ;
See how Titan's cheerful ray
Chaceth the dark clouds away ;
Now in their new robes of green
Are the plowman's labours seen :
Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth ;
Now the olive blooms : the vine
Now doth with plump pendants shine ;
And with leaves and blossom now
Freshly bourgeons every bough.

XXXVIII.

OLD I am, yet can (I think)
Those that younger are out-drink ;
When I dance no staff I take,
But a well fill'd bottle shake :
He that doth in war delight,
Come, and with these arms let's fight ;

Fill the cup, let loose a flood
Of the rich grape's luscious blood ;
Old I am, and therefore may,
Like Silenus, drink and play.

XXXIX.

WHEN I ply the cheering bowl,
Brisk Lyæus through my soul
Straight such lively joy diffuses
That I sing, and bless the Muses ;
Full of wine I cast behind
All my sorrows to the wind ;
Full of wine my head I crown,
Roving loosely up and down ;
Full of wine I praise the life
Calmly ignorant of strife ;
Full of wine I court some fair,
And Cythera's worth declare ;
Full of wine my close thoughts I
To my jovial friends untie :

Wine makes age with new years sprout:

Wine denied, my life goes out.

THE BEE.

XL.

LOVE, a Bee that lurk'd among

Roses saw not, and was stung:

Who for his hurt finger crying,

Running sometimes, sometimes flying,

Doth to his fair mother hie,

And oh help, cries he, I die;

A wing'd snake hath bitten me,

Call'd by countrymen a Bee:

At which Venus, if such smart

A Bee's little sting impart,

How much greater is the pain,

They, whom thou hast hurt, sustain.

XLI.

WHILST our joys with wine we raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.
Bacchus dancing did invent;
Bacchus is on songs intent;
Bacchus teacheth Love to court,
And his mother how to sport;
Graceful confidence he lends;
He oppressive trouble ends;
To the bowl when we repair,
Grief doth vanish into air;
Drink we then, and drown all sorrow;
All our care not knows the morrow;
Life is dark, let 's dance and play,
They that will be troubled may;
We our joys with wine will raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.

XLII.

I DIVINE Lyeus prize,
Who with mirth and wit supplies:
Compass'd with a jovial quire,
I affect to touch the lyre:
But of all my greatest joy
Is with sprightly maids to toy:
My free heart no envy bears,
Nor another's envy fears;
Proof against invective wrongs,
Brittle shafts of poisonous tongues.
Wine with quarrels sour'd I hate,
Or feasts season'd with debate:
But I love a harmless measure;
Life to quiet hath no pleasure.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

XLIII.

GRASSHOPPER thrice-happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,

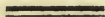
Queen-like chirpest all the day
Seated on some verdant spray;
Thine is all whate'er earth brings,
Or the hours with laden wings;
Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:
Thou by all art honour'd; all
Thee the spring's sweet prophet call;
By the Muses thou admir'd,
By Apollo art inspir'd,
Ageless, ever-singing, good,
Without passion, flesh or blood;
Oh how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate.

THE DREAM.

XLIV.

As I late in slumber lay
Wing'd methought I ran away,

But Love (his feet clogg'd with lead)
As thus up and down I fled,
Following caught me instantly:
What may this strange dream imply?
What but this? that in my heart
Though a thousand Loves had part,
I shall now (their snares declin'd)
To this only be confin'd:

*LOVE'S ARROWS.*

XLV.

IN the Lemnian forge of late
Vulcan making arrows sate,
Whilst with honey their barb'd points
Venus, Love with gall anoints:
Armed Mars by chance comes there,
Brandishing a sturdy spear,
And in scorn the little shaft
Offering to take up, he laugh'd:

“ This” (saith Love) “ which thou dost slight,
Is not (if thou try it) light;”
Up Mars takes it, Venus smil’d;
But he (sighing) to the Child
“ Take it,” cries, “ its weight I feel;”
“ Nay” (says Love) “ e’en keep it still.”



GOLD.

XLVI.

NOR to love a pain is deem’d,
And to love ’s the same esteem’d:
But of all the greatest pain
Is to love unlov’d again;
Birth in love is now rejected,
Parts and arts are disrespected,
Only gold is look’d upon;
A curse take him that was won
First to doat upon it; hence
Springs ’twixt brothers difference;

This makes parents slighted; this
War's dire cause and fuel is:
And what 's worst, by this alone
Are we lovers overthrown.

XLVII.

YOUNG men dancing, and the old
Sporting I with joy behold;
But an old man gay and free
Dancing most I love to see;
Age and youth alike he shares,
For his heart belies his hairs,

XLVIII.

BRING me hither Homer's lute,
Taught with mirth (not wars) to suit;
Reach a full cup, that I may
All the laws of wine obey,
Drink, and dance, and to the lyre
Sing what Bacchus shall inspire,

XLIX.

BEST of painters come, pursue
What our Muse invites thee to,
And Lyeus, whose shrill flute
Vies with her harmonious lute;
Draw me a full city, where
Several shapes of mirth appear;
And the laws of love, if cold
Wax so great a flame can hold.

L.

WHO his cups can stoutly bear,
In his cups despiseth fear,
In his cups can nimbly dance,
Him Lyeus will advance:
Nectar of us mortals wine,
The glad offspring of the vine,
Screen'd with leaves, preserv'd within
The plump grape's transparent skin,
In the body all diseases,
In the soul all grief appeases,

ON A BASIN WHEREIN VENUS WAS ENGRAVED.

LI.

WHAT bold hand the sea engraves,
Whilst its undetermin'd waves
In a dish's narrow round
Art's more powerful rage doth bound?
See, by some Promethean mind
Cytherea there design'd,
Mother of the deities,
Expos'd naked to our eyes
In all parts, save those alone
Modesty will not have shown,
Which for covering only have
The thin mantle of a wave:
On the surface of the main,
Which a smiling calm lays plain,
She, like frothy sedges, swims,
And displays her snowy limbs:
Whilst the foaming billow swells,
As her breast its force repels,

And her form striving to hide
Her doth by her neck divide,
Like a lily round beset
By the purple violet;
Loves, who dolphins do bestride,
O'er the silver surges ride,
And with many a wanton smile
Lovers of their hearts beguile;
Whilst the people of the flood
To her side, like wantons, scud.

THE VINTAGE.

LII.

MEN and maids at time of year
The ripe clusters jointly bear
To the press, but in when thrown,
They by men are trod alone,
Who in Bacchus' praises join,
Squeeze the grape, let out the wine:

Oh with what delight they spy
The new must when tun'd work high!
Which if old men freely take,
Their grey heads and heels they shake;
And a young man, if he find
Some fair maid to sleep resign'd
In the shade, he straight goes to her,
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to woo her;
Whilst Love slily stealing in
Tempt's her to the pleasing sin:
Yet she long resists his offers,
Nor will hear whate'er he proffers,
Till perceiving that his prayer
Melts into regardless air,
Her, who seemingly refrains,
He by pleasing force constrains;
Wine doth boldness thus dispense,
Teaching young men insolence.

THE ROSE.

LIII.

WITH the flowery crowned spring
Now the vernal rose we sing;
Sons of mirth, your sprightly lays
Mix with ours, to sound its praise:
Rose, the gods' and mens' sweet flower;
Rose, the Graces' paramour;
This of Muses the delight,
This is Venus' favourite;
Sweet, when guarded by sharp thorns;
Sweet, when it soft hands adorns;
How at mirthful boards admir'd!
How at Bacchus' feasts desir'd!
Fair without it what is born?
Rosy finger'd is the Morn;
Rosy arm'd the nymphs we name;
Rosy cheek'd Love's queen proclaim:
This relief 'gainst sickness lends;
This the very dead befriends;

This Time's malice doth prevent,
Old retains its youthful scent.

When Cythera from the main,
Pallas sprung from Jove's crack'd brain,
Then the rose receiv'd its birth,
From the youthful teeming earth;
Every god was its protector,
Wat'ring it by turns with nectar,
Till from thorns it grew, and prov'd
Of Lyæus the belov'd.

LIV.

WHEN I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they;
And my aged thoughts laid by,
To the dance with joy I fly:
Come, a flowery chaplet lend me;
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me:
Age be gone, we 'll dance among
Those that young are, and be young:

Bring some wine boy, fill about;
You shall see the old man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

LV.

HORSES plainly are descry'd
By the mark upon their side:
Parthians are distinguished
By the mitres on their head:
But from all men else a lover
I can easily discover,
For upon his easy breast
Love his brand-mark hath imprest.

BION.

1800

1801

BION.

EPITAPH ON ADONIS.

IDYL I.

ADONIS I lament; he's dead! the fair
Adonis dead is! Loves his mourners are;
Venus, no more in scarlet coverings rest,
Rise cloth'd in black; and beating thy sad breast,
Adonis dead is, to the world declare;
I wail Adonis, Loves his mourners are.
On barren mountains doth Adonis lie,
A boar's white tusk hath gor'd his whiter thigh:

His short pants Venus grieve; black blood distains
His snowy skin, his eye no life retains :
The rose is from his pale lip fled, with it
Died that dear kiss which Venus ne'er will quit:
His lively kiss to Venus pleasing is,
But dead Adonis not perceiv'd her kiss.

I wail Adonis, Loves his mourners are.

In young Adonis' thigh a deep deep wound,
But deeper far in Venus' breast is found.
His lov'd hounds o'er the boy a howling keep,
And all the mountain nymphs about him weep;
Venus, with hair dishevell'd, through the groves
Frantic, in loose attire and barefoot roves;
About her legs the blood-stain'd brambles cling,
And the wide vallies with her shrill cries ring;
She calls her boy, her lov'd Assyrian spouse,
Whilst bubbling gore, sprung from his thigh, o'erflows
His breast; the whiteness which so late o'erspread
His limbs, is now converted into red.

I wail Adonis, Loves his mourners are.

Her beauty with her beauteous spouse she lost;
Whilst her Adonis liv'd Venus could boast
Her form; but that (alas) did with him die:
Mountains and oaks, *ah poor Adonis* cry;
Rivers Cythera's miseries resent;
And fountains young Adonis' loss lament;
Flowers are with grief turn'd purple; all the hills
And city with her sad shrieks Venus fills.

Poor Venus, thy Adonis murther'd lies!

Adonis murther'd lies, Echo replies.

Thy hapless love tears from all eyes would draw;
Soon as Adonis' ghastly wound she saw,
Soon as his thigh which bath'd in black gore lay,
Spreading her arms she cries, "Adonis, stay,
Hapless Adonis, stay but till I twine
Thee in my arms, and mix my lips with thine;
Adonis, wake so short a while, to give
A dying kiss but whilst a kiss may live;
Thy fleeting spirit to my breast bequeath,
And I will suck Love's nectar in thy breath.

Thy love I'll drink, and in Adonis' stead
Will keep that kiss when thou unkind art fled;
Fled far, Adonis, gone to Acheron
To the deaf king, and I left all alone
As goddess am to follow thee denied.
Take my spouse, Proserpine, thy power's more wide
Than mine; to thee and Pluto all that's fair
Devolves; unhappy me lost in despair,
Jealous of thee for my Adonis dead!
He's dead, and like a dream our loves are fled.
Venus a widow, Loves are orphans now,
My Cestus lost with thee: why huntedst thou?
To cope with beasts thy softness was not made."
Thus Venus mourns whilst Loves her sorrows aid.

Poor Venus, thy Adonis murder'd lies!
For every drop of blood he shed, her eyes
Let fall a tear, which earth in flowers bestows;
Tears rais'd th' anemony and blood the rose.
Adonis, dead Adonis I deplore;
Venus, thy husband wail in woods no more;

A bed, a bed is for Adonis made;
On thy bed, Venus, is Adonis lay'd,
Lovely in death, dead lovely as in sleep;
Down gently lay him, in soft coverings keep
His body, wrapt in which he slept with thee
On a gilt bed; unhappy though he be,
Neglect him not; 'mongst wreaths let him be laid,
Not any flower but with his life did fade:
In sweet myrrh-water wash each softer limb;
The sweetness of all waters die with him!
In purple winding clothes Adonis lies,
Whilst Loves about him weep his obsequies,
And strew him with their hair; his bow one kicks;
His shafts another; this his quiver breaks;
His shoe another looses; that stands by
With a gold basin, whilst this bathes his thigh;
One sits behind, and fans him with his wings:
Loves weep for Cytherea's sufferings.
The wedding garment Hymen in the porch
Cast quite away, and quench the genial torch:

To elegies our hymeneals turn,
We for Adonis, we for Hymen mourn:
The Graces (griev'd for Cynara's fair son)
Adonis, to each other say, *is gone* :
Louder than thine, Dione, are their cries;
Adonis, in their songs the destinies
Call back Adonis, but their lure disdain'd,
He never minds, by Proserpine detain'd.
Dry thy eyes, Venus, for to-day, and keep
Some tears in store, for thou next year must weep.

II.

A YOUTH, a fowler, in a shady grove
As he a birding went, spied runaway Love
Sitting upon a box-tree branch, and glad
(The bird seem'd fair) that such a prize he had,
His gins he all in order doth bestow,
Observing Love who skipt from bough to bough:
Angry at last he watch'd so long in vain,
To an old husbandman who first did train

Him in that art he goes, and doth relate
His frustrate sport, and shews him where Love sate.
The old man shook his hoary head and smil'd;
“Pursue” (saith he) “this bird no longer, Child;
Fly, 'tis an evil beast, whom whilst you can
Avoid thou happy art; but once grown man
He of himself, who now avoids thy search,
Will freely come, and on thy head will perch.”

III.

IN sleep before me Venus seem'd to stand,
Holding young Cupid in her whiter hand,
His eyes cast on the ground: “lov'd Swain, I bring
My son” (saith she) “to learn of thee to sing;
Then disappear'd; I my old pastoral lays
Began, instructing Cupid in their ways,
How Pan the pipe, Minerva found the flute,
Phœbus the harp, and Mercury the lute:
He minds not what I sing, but sings again
His mother's acts, the loves of gods and men:

What I taught Cupid then, I now forget;
But what he then taught me, remember yet.

IV.

FIERCE Love the Muses fear not, but affect,
And gladly by his steps their own direct;
If one, whose genius is not amorous, try
To sing him, they, to teach refusing, fly;
But if some lover his sweet song begin,
To him they joyfully come thronging in;
This witness the disorder of my tongue,
When God or man is subject of my song;
But Love and Lycidas, what I compose
Of them, in streams of verse untroubled flows.

V.

IF good my verses are, they will augment
By fame the life which Fate already lent;
If bad, why longer do I toil in vain?
Could we indeed a double life obtain

Of Jove or his successive destiny,
That this for pleasure, that for toil might be,
Then might we reap the joys our labours sow:
But since the gods man but one life allow,
And that more short than other things acquire,
Ah why ourselves with labour do we tire?
How long to gain and arts will we apply
Our studies, and still more, more riches cry?
We have forgot that we all mortal are,
And what a little part of time we share!

VI.

CLEODEMUS, MYRSON.

CLEOD.

SPRING, Summer, Autumn, Winter, which delight
Thee most? which, Myrson, should thy wish invite?
Doth Winter, when, the earth left unmanur'd,
Men are by sloth unto the fire allur'd,

Or fairer Spring best please thee? say which fits
Thy choice? our want of business talk permits.

MYR.

Men must not censure what the gods create;
Delightful and divine is every state:
But thou shalt know with which I most am won;
Not Summer, for the scorching of the sun,
Nor Autumn, for th' unwholesomeness of fruit,
Nor Winter, for its snows with me doth suit.
Lov'd Spring be all the year! when no excess
Of heat or cold our spirits doth oppress;
In Spring are all things fruitful, all things sweet;
Then nights and days in even measure meet.

MOSCHUS.

MOSCHUS.

LOVE CRIED.

IDYL I.

HER lost son Cupid careful Venus cried;
“ If any in the streets Love wandering spied,
He is my runaway, to Venus come
And have a kiss; but he that brings him home,
Not a mere kiss shall have but further joys;
He ’s easy to be known from twenty boys;
Fiery, not white is his complexion; eyes
Sparkling; fair words his treacherous thoughts dis-
guise.

His lips and heart dissent; like honey sweet
His tongue; in 's mind malice and anger meet:
A crafty lying boy, mischief his play,
Curl'd-headed, knavish-look'd; no little way
His hand, though little, can an arrow throw;
To hell he shoots, and wounds the Powers below.
His body he disrobes, his mind he covers,
And like a swift bird up and down he hovers
From man to woman, perching on the heart:
A little bow he hath, a little dart,
Whose nimble flight can pierce the highest spheres;
A golden quiver at his back he bears,
And poison'd shafts, with which he doth not spare
E'en me to wound: All cruel, cruel are;
But most his little torch, which fires the sun;
Take, bring him bound, nor be to pity won;
Let not his tears thy easiness beguile,
Nor let him circumvent thee with a smile;
If he to kiss thee ask, his kisses fly;
Poison of asps between his lips doth lie;

If to resign his weapons he desire,
Touch not, his treacherous gifts are dipt in fire;



II.

EUROPA.

A SWEET dream Venus once Europa lent,
In night's third quarter, near the morn's ascent;
Whilst slumber, which her eyelids sweetly crown'd,
Her limbs untied, and her eyes softly bound,
That time which doth all truer dreams beget.
Europa Phœnix-child, a virgin yet,
Alone in a high chamber taking rest,
Beholds two countries that for her contest,
The Asian and her opposite; both seem'd
Like women; that a stranger, this esteem'd
A native, who (a mother-like) doth plead
That she of her was born, by her was bred;

The other violent hands upon her laid,
And drew by force the unresisting Maid ;
Urging she was as prize to Jove design'd :
Out of the bed she starts with troubled mind,
And panting heart ; the dream to life's so near :
Long sat she silent ; long both women were,
After she wak'd, presented to her sense,
Till thus at length she breaks her deep suspense.

“ Which of the Gods, as now I did repose,
Perplex'd my fancy with delusive shows ?
My calmer sleeps disquieting with fear :
What stranger in my slumber did appear ?
Her love shot suddenly into my breast,
And kindness like a mother she express'd.
The Gods vouchsafe this dream a good event ! ”
She rose, and for her lov'd companions sent,
In years and friendship equal nobly born ;
With them for balls she us'd herself t' adorn ;
Or in Anaurus' current bathes ; with them
She plucks the fragrant lily from her stem ;

These straight come to her; each a basket held
To gather flowers; so walk they to a field
Neighb'ring to th' sea, whither they often went,
Pleas'd with the water's noise and rose's scent.

A golden basket fair Europa bare,
Rich yet in Vulcan's workmanship more rare,
Which Neptune first to Lybia gave, when he
Obtain'd her bed; to Telephassa she,
Wife to her son; from Telephassa last
This to unwed' Europe her daughter past,
Which many figures neatly wrought did hold.
Inachian Io was here carv'd in gold,
Not yet in woman's shape, but like a cow,
Who seem'd to swim, and force (enraged) through
The briny sea her way; the sea was blue;
Upon the highest point of land to view
The wave-dividing heifer, two men stand;
Jove strokes the wet cow with his sacred hand,

Who unto seven-mouth'd Nilus crossing over,
Doth cast her horns, and woman's shape recover.
In silver Nilus' flood, the cow in brass,
And Jupiter in gold, engraven was;
Mercury's figur'd on the furthest round,
And next him lies distended on the ground
Argus endu'd with many watchful eyes,
Out of whose purple blood a Bird doth rise,
Proud of his various flowery plumes; his tail
He spreadeth like a swift ship under sail,
And comprehends the border with his wings;
Such is the basket fair Europa brings.

All at the painted field arrive, where these
With several flowers their several fancies please.
One sweet Narcissus plucks, another gets
Wild savory, hyacinths, and violets;
Many fallen spring-born flowers the ground doth
share;
Some strive which yellow Crocus' fragrant hair
Should faster pluck; i'th' midst the Queen doth stand
Gathering the rose's beauty with her hand.

The Graces so by Venus are out-shin'd,
Nor must she long with flowers divert her mind,
Nor long preserve unstain'd her virgin zone,
For Jove upon the meadow looking down,
By Venus' subtle darts was struck in love;
Venus hath power to captivate great Jove.
Who of frow'rd Juno's jealousy afraid,
And that he might deceive the tender Maid,
In a bull's shape his deity doth veil;
Not such as are in stables bred, or trail
The crooked plough the furrow'd earth to wound,
Or run amongst the herds in pasture ground,
Or are to draw the laden waggon us'd.
Yellow o'er all his body is diffus'd,
Save a white circle shines amidst his brow:
His brighter eyes with amorous sparkles glow;
His horns with equal length rise from his head,
Like the moon's orb, to half a circle spread.

Into the mead he comes, nor (seen) doth fright;
The virgins to approach him all delight,

And stroke the lovely bull, whose divine smell
Doth far the mead's perfumed breath excel:
Before unblam'd Europa's feet he stood
Licking her neck, and the Maid kindly woo'd:
She strok'd and kiss'd him; and the foam that lay
Upon his lip wip'd with her hand away:
He softly bellow'd, such a humming sound
Forth breathing as Mygdonian pipes resound.
Down at her feet he kneels viewing the maid
With writhed neck, and his broad back display'd,
When she to the fair-hair'd virgins thus doth say;
"Come hither, dear companions, let us play
Securely with this bull, and without fear;
Who like a ship all on his back will bear.
He tame appears to sight, and gently kind,
Diff'ring from others, a discursive mind
Bearing like men, and only voice doth lack."

This said, she smiling gets upon his back;
Which the rest off'ring, the bull leaps away,
And to the sea bears his desired prey;

She calls with stretch'd out hands, she turns to view
Her friends, alas unable to pursue;
Down leaps he, dolphin-like glides through the seas:
Up from the deep rise the Nereides,
Mounted on whales to meet her on the way;
Whilst hollow-sounding Neptune doth allay
The waves, and is himself his brother's guide
In this sea-voyage; Tritons on each side
(The deep's inhabitants) about him throng,
And sound with their long shells a nuptial song;
She by transform'd Jupiter thus borne,
With one hand holding fast the Bull's large horn,
Her purple garment with the other saves,
Unwet by the swoln ocean's frothy waves;
Her mantle (flowing o'er her shoulders) swell'd
Like a full sail, and the young maid upheld.
Now born away far from her native coast,
Her sight the wave-wash'd shore and mountains lost;
She sees the heavens above, the seas beneath,
And looking round about these cries doth breathe.

“ O whither, sacred Bull? who art thou, say?
That through undreaded floods canst break thy way:
The seas are pervious to swift ships alone,
But not to bulls is their fear'd voyage known;
What food is here? or if some God thou be,
Why dost what misbeseems a Deity?
Upon the land no dolphins, no bulls move
Upon the sea; thou sea and land dost prove
Alike; whose feet like oars assist thy haste;
Perhaps thou'lt soar through the bright air at last
On high, and like the nimble birds become.
Me most unhappy, who have left my home,
A bull to follow, voyages unknown
To undertake, and wander all alone.
But Neptune, thou that rul'st the foaming main,
Be pleas'd to help me; sure I shall obtain
A sight of this great God who is my guide,
Nor else could I these fluid paths have tried.”

The largely horned Bull thus answer'd: “ Maid,
Be bold, nor of the swelling waves afraid,

For I am Jove who now a Bull appear,
And whatsoever shape I please can wear;
In this to measure the wide sea constrain'd
For love of thee, thou shalt be entertain'd
By Crete, my nurse; our nuptials shall be there
Perform'd, and thou of me great sons shalt bear,
To whose imperious sceptres all shall bow."

What he had said event made good; Crete now
Appears in view; Jove his own form doth take,
And loos'd her zone; the hours their bed did make.
She late a virgin, spouse to Jove became,
Brought him forth sons, and gain'd a mother's name.

III.

EPITAPH ON BION THE PASTORAL POET.

MOURN, and your grief, ye groves, in soft sighs breathe;
Ye rivers drop in tears for Bion's death;
His loss, ye plants, lament; ye woods, bewail,
Ye flowers, your odours with your griefs exhale;

In purple mourn, anemony and rose;
Breathe, hyacinth, that sigh, and more, which grows
Upon thy cheek; the sweet voic'd singers gone:

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Ye nightingales that mourn on thickest boughs,
Tell gentle Arethusa's stream, which flows
Through Sicily, Bion the shepherd's dead,
And with him Poetry and Music fled.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Strimonian swans vent from your mournful throats,
Gliding upon the waves such dying notes
As heretofore in you the poet sung;
Tell the Oeagrian, tell the Thracian young
Virgins, the Doric Orpheus hence is gone:

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

He never more shall pipe to his lov'd flock,
Laid underneath some solitary oak;
But songs of Lethe now, by Pluto taught:
The hills are dumb; the heifers, that late sought
The bull, lament, and let their meat alone.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Apollo wept thy death, thy silenc'd reeds
Satyrs, Priapuses, in mourning weeds,
And Fawns' bewail: 'mongst woods the nymphs that
 dwell

In fountains, weep, whose tears to fountains swell;
Echo 'mongst rocks her silence doth deplore,
Nor words (now thine are stopp'd) will follow more;
Flowers fade; abortive fruit falls from the trees;
The ewes no milk, no honey give the bees,
But wither'd combs; the sweetness being gone
Of thy lov'd voice, honey itself hath none:

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

So dolphin never wail'd upon the strand;
So never nightingale on craggy land;
So never swallow on the mountains mourn'd,
Nor Halcyons' sorrows Ceyx so return'd.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

So Cerylus on blue waves never sung;
In eastern vales, the bird from Memnon sprung

Aurora's son so mourn'd not, hovering o'er
His sepulchre, as Bion they deplore.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Swallows and nightingales, whom he to please
Once taught to sing, now sitting on high trees
Sing forth their grief in parts; the rest reply;
And doves with murmuring keep them company,

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Who now can use thy pipe, or dare betray
Such boldness, to thy reeds his lips to lay?
They yet are by thy lips and breath inspir'd,
And Echo thence hath harmony acquir'd;
Pan keeps thy pipe, but will its use decline,
Fearing to prove his own skill short of thine.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Thee Galatea wails, whom heretofore
Thy songs delighted sitting on the shore:
The Cyclop sung not so; she through the sea
(Though him she fled) darted kind looks at thee;

And now in desert sands she sits, the deep
Forsaking quite, and doth thy oxen keep.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan !

With thee (lov'd swain) die all the Muses' joys ;
The kisses of young maids and amorous boys ;
The Cupids weep about thy sepulchre ;
Thee Venus did beyond the kiss prefer,
Which from Adonis dying she receiv'd.
Thou hast new cause, great River, to be griev'd,
New sorrow Melus: Homer first by death
Was seiz'd (Calliope's harmonious breath) ;
Then thy fair son thy troubled waves deplor'd,
And over all the sea their current roar'd ;
Thou now must languish for another son :
Both fountains lov'd ; the Pegasæan one,
The other courted Arethusa's spring :
One did of Tyndarus' fair daughter sing,
Thetis' great son, and Menelaus' wrong ;
Nor wars nor tears, Pan was the others' song,
And shepherds: as he sung he us'd to feed
His flock, milk cows, or carve an oaten reed ;

Taught the youth courtship; in his bosom love
He nurs'd, and Venus only did approve.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Thy death each city, every town resents;
Above her Hesiod Ascra thee laments;
Less Pindar by Boetian woods is lov'd;
Less with Alcæus' fate was Lesbos mov'd;
Their poet's loss less griev'd the Ceian town;
Parus less love t' Archilochus hath shown;
Thy verse 'bove Sappho's Mytilene admires;
All whom th' indulgence of the Muses fires
With pastoral heat, bewail thy sad decease;
The Samian glory mourns, Sicelides;
Amongst Cydonians (whose late mirth their pride)
Licidas weeps; his grief by Hales tide,
Philetas, 'mongst Triopians, doth diffuse,
Theocritus 'mongst those of Syracuse;
And with Ausonian grief my verse is fraught;
Such thy own scholars by thyself were taught,

Who as thy heirs claim Doric poesy;
Thy wealth to others, verse thou left'st to me.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Alas though time the garden mallows kill,
The verdant smallage and the flowery dill,
Yet these revive, and new the next year rise;
But man, though ne'er so great, so strong, so wise,
Once dead, inclos'd in hollow earth must keep
A long, obscure, inexcitable sleep.
And thou art thus laid silent in the ground;
For thy sweet voice, we only hear the sound
Of the hoarse frog's unintermitted groan.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

Cam'st thou by poison, Bion, to thy death?
Scap'd that the antidote of thy sweet breath?
What cruel man to thee could poison bear?
Against thy music sure he stopp'd his ear.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin your moan!

But a just vengeance is reserv'd for all;
Mean time, with others, I bewail thy fall,

Might I like Orpheus view the states below,
And like Alcides or Ulysses go
To Pluto's court, I would enquire if there
To him thou sing'st, and what thou sing'st would hear;
Court her with some Sicilian past'ral strain,
Who sporting on Sicilian Ætna's plain
Sung Doric lays; thine may successful be,
And as once Orpheus brought Eurydice,
Thee back perhaps they to these hills may bring;
Had I such skill, to Pluto I would sing.

IV.

MEGARA AND ALCMENA.

WHY these afflictions (mother) dost thou seek?
Thy fresh complexion hath forsook thy cheek.
Why do thy sorrows past all limits run?
Is't, that a worthless man thy worthy son
Oppresseth, as a lion stoops t' a hind?
Alas! why was I by the gods design'd?

By parents why begot to such hard fate?
I met in marriage with a noble mate,
One whom as dear as my own eyes I deem'd,
And still is by my soul no less esteem'd;
But through like miseries none ever past,
Nor did as he so bitter sorrows taste:
Who with a fatal bow by Phœbus sent,
And arrows by some cursed Fury lent,
The lives of his dear children did divide,
His hands in blood, his soul in fury dy'd;
These by their father slain I saw, a deed,
That I not view'd it, would belief exceed:
Nor could I, though call'd often, lend them aid,
Whom death inevitable did invade:
As a bird mourns that sees her young distress,
And ready to be swallow'd in the nest
By some fell snake, the pious old one over
Their heads (alas in vain) doth shrieking hover;
Help she is able to afford them none,
And to come near their danger, were her own;

So hapless mother, up and down I went
Enrag'd, and my dear children did lament ;
Would I had kept them company in death,
And by a poison'd arrow lost my breath
From vext Diana, who our sex commands!
With tears and funeral rites, then the dear hands
Of parents in one pyre had help'd to burn,
And all our bones clos'd in one golden urn ;
Our birth and burial owing to one place ;
They're now at Thebes, fam'd for a generous race
Of steeds ; or fat grounds of Aonia plough ;
Whilst I in Tyrins, Juno's city, bow
Beneath the weight of an unbounded grief,
Nor intermission gives my tears relief :
My husband I so little see at home ;
So many labours must he overcome ;
Great toils by sea and land hath he outgrown ;
The manly heart his breast contains, of stone,
Or steel is fram'd : thou melt'st in tears away,
And by thy sorrows count'st each night and day :

Yet other friend for comfort have I none ;
To remote countries all the rest are gone ;
Their seats beyond the woody Isthmus lie ;
Nor yet of them knew I to whom to fly,
To ease the passion of my troubled breast,
Except my sister Pyrrha, who's opprest
With the same grief for Iphiclus, thy son,
Her husband ; through like toils thy children run,
Though one a god begot, t'other a man.

This said, down her soft cheeks and white breast ran
A stream of tears, which her fair eyes let fall,
When sons and parents she to mind did call :
Nor less Alcmena did bedew her cheek,
And with a deep-fetch'd sigh she first did break
Way for her words ; then to her daughter said,
“ Cross'd in thy children, what sad thoughts invade
Thy soul ! why griev'st us both with the review
Of troubles past ? these sorrows are not new.
Each day with such fresh cause our grief supplies,
That he must be well vers'd in miseries,

Whose skill should undertake to sum up ours :
But droop not, daughter ; these the heavenly powers
Sent not ; thy lively spirit grief destroys ;
Nor can I blame ; even joy excessive cloy :
Yet thy misfortunes I commiserate,
Make a sad partner in the helpless fate,
Which on my wretched head threatens to fall ;
I Proserpine and neat-veil'd Ceres call
To witness, who on perjur'd souls severe
Vengeance inflict, thou art to me as dear,
As if thou hadst thy being from my womb,
And I had bred thee of a child at home :
I know, lov'd daughter, thou believ'st no less ;
Think me not unconcern'd in thy distress :
No ; should I fair-hair'd Niobe out-weep,
A mother justly for a son may keep
Her griefs awake ; him ten long months before
I ever saw, near to my heart I bore :
To Pluto's gates he almost brought me ; pain
So great I in my labour did sustain.

But now he's gone away, more proofs to show
Of valour, whilst unhappy I not know,
If him these arms shall evermore inclose.
Besides a strange dream broke my sweet repose;
Methought that Hercules my son did stand
Before me with a pickaxe in his hand;
(As being hir'd to compass with a ditch
A fruitful field by various flowers made rich);
Naked; his lion's skin aside was laid;
At last of all his task an end he made,
And had enclos'd the meadow with a mound,
Then stuck his iron pickaxe in the ground,
When as he went to put his mantle on,
Out of the earth a sudden lightning shone,
And round about him flash'd a dreadful fire;
But with a leap he nimbly did retire,
The active flame endeav'ring to evade,
And shield-like 'gainst its rage oppos'd his spade,
Whilst round about he rolls his sparkling eyes
To shun on every side the fire's surprise;

Straight (as I thought) did to his aid appear
Stout Iphiclus; but ere he could come near,
Down falls he, and unable to arise,
As a decrepit old man helpless lies,
Whom his declining years to fall compel,
And keep him with their weight down where he fell,
Till help'd up by some passenger, that bears
Respect to his weak age and silver hairs.
So tumbled warlike Iphiclus, whilst I
Wept to behold my children helpless lie;
Till from my eyelids sleep were chas'd away;
Aurora then arose to bring in day.
With such illusions was my sleep all night
Disturb'd, but on Euristheus may they light,
Diverted from our house; to my desire
With these prophetic dreams just fate conspire.

V.

WHEN still winds gently creep o'er the blue main,
The calm allures me to the liquid plain;

And less the Muses than the sea invite:
But when the billows roar, when they grow white
With breaking one another, and swell high,
To land and trees back from the sea I fly:
Then trees, and safer land best please my mind,
Where tall pines sing, inspired by the wind:
A dangerous life a Fisher leads! to float
For so small purchase in his house a boat;
Me Sleep in shades by purling streams delights,
Whose noise the labourer pleaseth, not affrights.

VI.

PAN neighb'ring Echo lov'd; Echo desir'd
Brisk Satyrus, Satyrus Lyda fir'd;
As Echo Pan, Sat'rus did Echo wound,
And Lyda Satyrus; so love went round:
As each did scorn for others love return,
So justice paid their love with others' scorn;
Mark this, disdainful Lover; would'st thou be
Belov'd of those thou lov'st? love who love thee.

VII.

VESPER, belov'd Cythera's golden light;
Vesper, the sacred joy of azure night;
Thou other stars out-shin'st, as Cynthia thee;
Hail dearly welcome! come along with me,
And with thy light our past'ral sports befriend!
The moon scarce up went down; I not intend
To rob; no travellers shall of me complain;
I love; and lovers should be lov'd again,

VIII.

FROM Pisa cross the sea Alpheus strays,
And with his olive-fertile stream conveys
To Arethuse leaves, sacred ashes, flowers,
Which headlong into hers his current pours:
Under the sea flows his unmingled tide,
Nor knows the sea what waves beneath him glide;
Thus Love, that little tyrant, can direct
Rivers to swim to those whom they affect.

CUPID PLOUGHING.

EPIGRAM.

LAYING aside his bow and torch, a whip
Severe Love took, and at his side a scrip;
Then on the patient oxen doth impose
A yoke, and in the fertile furrow sows:
And looking up, " Good weather Jove, or thou,
(Saith he) Europa's Bull, shalt draw my plough."

KISSES.

KISSES.

I.

WHEN Venus to Cythera's top convey'd
Sleeping Ascanius, 'mongst soft violets laid,
Showers of pale roses on the boy she strew'd,
And with sweet waters all the place bedew'd;
She then her old Adonian fire retains;
The well-known flame steals gently through her veins;
How oft her nephew offer'd she t' embrace!
How often said, such my Adonis was!
But fearing to disturb his soft repose,
Thousands of kisses on the flowers bestows;

The breath, which from her lip the rose receives,
Whispers kind warmth into its glowing leaves;
And from her quickening touch new kisses rise,
Whose ripe increase her full joy multiplies:
Then round the earth, the goddess by a pair
Of milk-white swans drawn through the fleeting air,
Sows kisses all the way, and as they fell
On the fat glebe, thrice murmurs a dark spell.
Hence a kind harvest for sick lovers grows;
Hence springs the only cure of all my woes.

Dear kisses! you that scorched hearts renew,
Born of the rose pregnant with sacred dew,
Upon your poet deathless verse distil,
That may endure long as Medusa's hill,
Or whilst Love, mindful still of Rome's dear race,
Shall with his numbers their soft language grace.

II.

As in a thousand wanton curls the vine

Doth the lov'd elm embrace;

As clasping ivy round the oak doth twine

To kiss his leafy face:

So thou about my neck thy arms shalt fling,

Joining to mine thy breast;

So shall my arms about thy fair neck cling,

My lips on thine imprest.

Ceres nor Bacchus, care of life, nor sleep,

Shall force me to retire;

But we at once will on each others' lip

Our mutual souls expire.

Then hand in hand down to th' Elysian plains

(Crossing the Stygian lake)

We'll through those fields, where Spring eternal reigns,

Our pleasing journey take.

There their fair mistresses the Heroes lead,
And their old loves repeat,
Singing or dancing in a flowery mead
With myrtles round beset.

Roses and violets smile beneath a skreen
Of ever verdant bays;
And gentle Zephyr amorously between
Their leaves untroubled plays.

There constantly the pregnant earth unplough'd
Her fruitful store supplies;
When we come thither, all the happy crowd
From their green thrones will rise.

There thou in place above Jove's numerous train
Of mistresses shalt sit;
Hers Helen, Homer will not his disdain,
For thee, and me to quit.

III.

A kiss I beg'd, and thou didst join
Thy lips to mine;
Then, as afraid, snatch'd back their treasure,
And mock my pleasure;
Again, my dearest! for in this
Thou only gav'st desire, and not a kiss.

IV.

'Tis no kiss my fair bestows;
Nectar 'tis whence new life flows;
All the sweets which nimble bees
In their osier treasuries
With unequall'd art repose,
In one kiss her lips disclose.
These, if I should many take,
Soon would me immortal make,
Rais'd to the divine abodes,
And the banquets of the Gods.

Be not then too lavish, fair!
But this heavenly treasure spare,
'Less thou'lt too immortal be;
For without thy company,
What to me were the abodes,
Or the banquets of the Gods?

V.

WHEN thou thy pliant arms dost wreath
About my neck, and gently breathe
Into my breast that soft sweet air
With which thy soul doth mine repair,
When my faint life thou draw'st away,
My life which scorching flames decay,
O'ercharg'd my panting bosom boils,
Whose fever thy kind art beguiles,
And with the breath that did inspire,
Doth mildly fan my glowing fire,
Transported then I cry, above
All other Deities is Love!

Or if a Deity there be
Greater than Love, 'tis only Thee.

VI.

OUR bargain for two thousand kisses made,
A thousand I receiv'd, a thousand paid :
The number I confess thou hast suppli'd,
But Love with number is not satisfi'd,
None praise the harvest who can count their ears,
Or sum the blades of grass the meadow wears ;
Who for a hundred clusters Bacchus fees ?
Or sues to Pales for a thousand bees ?
When pious Jove waters the thirsty plain,
We number not the drops of falling rain ;
Or when the troubled air with tempests quakes,
And he displeas'd, in hand his fear'd arms takes,
At random on the earth he scatters hail,
And fruit or corn securely doth assail :
Or good or bad, heaven's gifts exceed all sum ;
A majesty that doth Jove's house become.

Wilt thou, dear Goddess, then (more bright than she
Who in a shell sail'd through the smiling sea)
Kisses, thy heavenly gifts, strictly confine
To number, yet to count my sighs decline?
Or sum the drops whose inexhausted spring
Flows from my eyes, my pale cheeks furrowing?
If thou wilt reckon, reckon both together;
If both thou number not, ah, number neither.
Give me (to ease the pain my griev'd soul bears)
Numberless kisses, for unnumber'd tears.

VII.

KISSES a hundred, hundred fold,
A hundred by a thousand told,
Thousands by thousands number'd o'er,
As many thousand thousand more
As are the drops the seas comprise,
As are the stars that paint the skies,
To this soft cheek, this speaking eye,
This swelling lip will I apply.

But whilst on these my kisses dwell
Close as the cockle clasps her shell,
This swelling lip I cannot spy,
This softer cheek, this speaking eye:
Nor those sweet smiles, which (like the ray
Of Cynthia driving clouds away)
From my sworn eyes dispel all tears,
From my sad heart all jealous fears.
Alas! what discontents arise
Betwixt my emulous lips and eyes!
Can I with patience brook that Jove
Should be a partner in my love,
When my strict eye the rivalship
Disdains to suffer of my lip?

VIII.

Nor always give a melting kiss,
And smiles with pleasing whispers join'd;
Nor always ecstasi'd with bliss
About my neck thy fair arms wind.

The wary Lover learns by measure
 To circumscribe his greatest joy ;
Lest, what well-husbanded yields pleasure,
 Might by the repetition cloy.

When thrice three kisses I require,
 Give me but two, withhold the other ;
Such as cold Virgins to their sire,
 Or chaste Diana gives her brother.

Then wantonly snatch back thy lip,
 And smoothly, as fly fishes glide
Through water giving me the slip,
 Thyself in some dark corner hide.

I'll follow thee with eager haste,
 And having caught (as hawks their prey)
In my victorious arm held fast
 Panting for breath, bear thee away.

Then thy soft arms about me twin'd,

Thou shalt use all thy skill to please me,

And offer all that was behind,

The poor seven kisses, to appease me.

How much mistaken wilt thou be!

For seven times seven shalt thou pay;

Whilst in my arms I fetter thee

Lest thou once more should'st get away.

Till I at last have made thee swear

By all thy beauty and my love,

That thou again the same severe

Revenge for the same crime would'st prove.

IX.

I LAY of life by thee, my life, bereav'd.

About thy neck my arms were loosely weav'd,

Supplies of breath my wasted spirits fail,

Nor could relieve my heart with one fresh gale:

Styx now before my eyes appear'd, the dark
Region, and aged Caron's swarthy bark;
When thou upon my lip a kiss imprest
Drawn from the depth of thy enlivening breast;
A kiss, that call'd me from the Stygian lake,
And made the Ferryman go empty back:
Ah! I mistook! he went not back alone,
My mournful shade along with him is gone;
Part of thy soul within this body reigns,
And friendly my declining limbs sustains;
Which of return impatient, roves about,
Ransacking every passage to get out;
And if no kindness she from thee receive,
Ev'n now her falling tenement will leave.
Come then, unite thy melting lip to mine,
And let one spirit both our breasts combine,
Till in an ecstasy of wild desire
Together both our breasts one life expire.

X.

TH' Idalian boy his arrow to the head
(Neæra) drew, ready to strike thee dead;
But when thy brow, and on thy brow thy hair,
Thy eyes' quick restless light, thy cheeks more fair,
Breasts whiter than his mother's he did view,
Away his wavering hand the slack shaft threw:
Then to thy arms with childish joy he skips,
Printing a thousand kisses on thy lips;
Which Cyprian spirits, and the myrtle's juice
Into thy bosom gently did infuse;
And by the gods, and his fair mother swore,
He never would attempt to hurt thee more.
Wonder we then thy kisses are so sweet?
Or why no love thy cold breast will admit?

XI.

THOU than Latona's star more bright,
Fairer than Venus' golden light,
A hundred kisses pay;
Many as Lesbia

Gave and receiv'd from her glad lover ;
As are the Graces round thee hover,
Or Cupids that do skip
About thy cheek and lip ;
As lives and deaths thy bright eye wears ;
As many hopes, as many fears,
Joys interlin'd with woe,
Or sighs from lovers flow ;
As many as the darts, that on
My heart by the wing'd Boy are sown ;
As many as do lie
In his guilt armory ;
To these kind blandishments, with glad
Whispers, and mirthful dalliance add ;
With grateful smiles, that may
Our full delight betray ;
As two Chaonian turtles bill,
And the soft air with murmurs fill,
When winter's rigid snows
Away young Zephyr blows ;

Rest on my cheek in ecstasy,
Ready to close thy dying eye;
And as thou faint'st away
Me to uphold thee pray:
My arms about thee I will twine;
My warm to thy cold bosom join,
And call thee back from death,
With a long kiss's breath:
Till me like fate of life bereave,
Who in that kiss my spirit leave,
And, as I sink away,
Thee to uphold me pray:
Thy arms about me thou shalt tie,
Thy warm to my cold breast apply,
And summon me from death
With a long kiss's breath.
Thus let us, dear, in mutual joy
The florid part of time employ;
For age our lives will waste;
Sickness and death make haste,

XII.

IN such a colour as the morning rose
Doth, water'd with the tears of night, disclose,
The blushing kisses of Neæra shine,
When they the humid print retain of mine;
Round which the beauties of her face beset,
As when some white hand crops a violet;
As flowers with cherries, that together wear
The spring and summer's livery, appear.
Unhappy! why now when thy kind lip warms
My soul, am I constrain'd to quit thy arms?
This crimson treasure, ah! reserve for me,
Till night return and bring me back to thee;
But if meantime they any other seek,
May they become far paler than my cheek.

XIII.

NEÆRA'S lips, (to which adds grace
The ambient whiteness of her face,
As coral berries smiling lie
Within their case of ivory)

When Venus saw, she wept, and all
Her little Loves did to her call.
“What boots it” (cries she) “that on Ide
From Pallas and Jove’s sister-bride
My lips the glorious prize did gain,
By judgment of the Phrygian swain,
If now another arbiter
Neæra’s may to mine prefer?
Go, spend upon him every dart,
Empty your quivers on his heart;
But into hers a frost, that may
Congeal her youthful veins, convey.”
This scarce was spoke, but straight I felt
My soul in a soft flame to melt;
Whilst thy white breast, which far outgoes
In coldness winter’s sharpest snows,
In hardness Adria’s stubborn rocks,
Thy suffering lover safely mocks.
Ungrateful, for those lips am I
Tormented thus, nor know’st thou why

Thou hat'st, or what effects may rise
From discontented deities:
Remit thy anger, and assume
A smile that may thy cheek become;
Thy lips (of all my misery
The only cause) to mine apply;
And from my scorching bosom draw
A warmth that may thy coldness thaw;
Jove fear not, nor Cythera's hate;
Beauty controls the power of fate.

XIV.

YE wing'd confectioners; why thyme and roses,
The sweets the vernal violet discloses,
Why suck ye, or the breath of flowery dill?
Come, at my mistress' lips your soft bags fill:
Thyme, and the scent of roses they produce,
The vernal violet's nectarean juice:
The blooming dill's sweet breath far off they spread,
They're steep'd in the true tears Narcissus shed,

And bath'd in Hyacinthus' fragrant blood,
Such, as when falling in a mixed flood
Of heav'nly nectar; whilst the blended show'r
Rais'd from the earth a party-colour'd flow'r.

But when I come to taste these joys with you,
Do not, ungrateful! drive me from my due,
Nor greedy with your store stretch every hive
Lest of all sweetness you her lips deprive,
And in her next (insipid) kisses, I
Find the reward of my discovery.
Nor wound her soft lips with your little darts,
Wounds far more deadly her bright eye imparts:
Believe 't, your wrongs will never pass forgot;
Suck honey gently thence, but sting her not.

the first of these is the fact that the
 second is a direct result of the first.
 The third is a direct result of the second.
 The fourth is a direct result of the third.
 The fifth is a direct result of the fourth.
 The sixth is a direct result of the fifth.
 The seventh is a direct result of the sixth.
 The eighth is a direct result of the seventh.
 The ninth is a direct result of the eighth.
 The tenth is a direct result of the ninth.
 The eleventh is a direct result of the tenth.
 The twelfth is a direct result of the eleventh.
 The thirteenth is a direct result of the twelfth.
 The fourteenth is a direct result of the thirteenth.
 The fifteenth is a direct result of the fourteenth.
 The sixteenth is a direct result of the fifteenth.
 The seventeenth is a direct result of the sixteenth.
 The eighteenth is a direct result of the seventeenth.
 The nineteenth is a direct result of the eighteenth.
 The twentieth is a direct result of the nineteenth.

CUPID CRUCIFIED.

AUSONIUS TO HIS SON G.

DIDST thou never see a landscape on a wall? Thou hast seen and rememberest in Zoylus' dining-room at Trevers, a picture of the amorous women crucifying Cupid; not these of our times, who transgress willingly, but those heroines who acquit themselves and punish the god: some of them our Maro mentions in the Mournful Fields. This piece for art and argument I first admired, then transferred my excess of admiration to the folly of poetizing. I like nothing of it but the title; yet I commend my error to thee: we love our own blemishes and scars, and not content to sin alone, affect that others love them too. But why do I labour to defend this poem? I know whatsoever is mine thou wilt love, which I more hope than thy praise.—Farewell.

IN th' airy fields by Maro's muse display'd,
Where myrtle groves the frantic lovers shade,

The heroines their orgies celebrate,
And past occasions of their deaths relate;
As in a spreading wood scarce pierc'd by day
They 'mongst thin reeds and drooping poppy stray;
Lakes without fall, and rivers without noise,
Upon whose banks sad flowers, by names of boys
And kings once known, i' th' cloudy twilight wither;
Self-lov'd Narcissus, Hyacinth, together
With Crocus golden hair'd, Adonis drest
In purple, Ajax with a sigh imprest;
These, who in tears their loves unhappy state
(Though dead) with constant grief commemorate,
Times past unto the ladies represent;
Her birth of thunder Semele doth lament,
And waves the seeming lightnings lazy fire,
Deceiv'd in which she pregnant did expire.
Cænis who joy'd in change of sex, deplor'd
Her frustrate gifts, back to her first restor'd.
Procris still dries her wounds, affecting thus,
Though hurt, the bloody hand of Cephalus.

The maid fall'n from the Sestian tower's steep height
Brings the pale taper's dim and smoky light.
Masculine Sappho from dark Leucal's crown,
Wounded with Lesbian shafts, threats to leap down.
Harmonia's gifts sad Eriphyle doth shun,
No less unhappy in her spouse than son.
All the Minoian tales of airy Crete
Here as in several pictures waving meet.
A white bull's steps Pasiphae doth pursue.
Scorn'd Ariadne bears her winded clew.
Her cast-by tablets Phædra turns to see.
A rope this holds, a specious cor'net she.
Another is asham'd she e'er did bow
Beneath the caverns o' th' Dedalian cow.
Snatch'd from her living and dead spouse, two nights
Laodamia wails, mock'd with delights.
On th' other side with naked swords severe
Thysbe, and Canace, and Eliza were:
She husband's, sire's this, that her guest's sword bore.
And the horn'd moon herself roves (as before

Pleas'd with Endymion's slumbers, up and down
'Mongst Latmian rocks) with torch and starry crown.
A hundred more who their old loves review,
With sad, yet sweet complaints, their pains renew.
In midst of whom, by the black shade benighted,
With whizzing wings Love unawares alighted;
All knew the Boy; and recollecting, thought him
Common offender: though damp clouds about him
Obscure his belt, with golden buckles bright,
His quiver, and his radiant torch's light,
Yet do they know him; and begin to show
Vain rage upon the lonely wandering foe;
Whom as slow flight in the thick night he takes
Crowding together they oppress; he quakes,
And vainly striving to escape, along
They drew him in the midst of all the throng.

The most known myrtle i' th' sad groves elected;
For pain'd gods hated; Proserpine neglected
There, long before, Adonis crucified
For loving Venus; Love his hands being tied

Behind him, his feet bound, on this high tree
Suspended with excessive cruelty
They torture ; who to sentence must submit
Unjudg'd and guiltless ; all themselves acquit,
Glad their own faults on others to transfer :
Upbraiding, all their instruments prepare
Of death : these arms, this vengeance sweet esteem,
To punish by that means which murdered them.
One brings a rope ; she an illusive sword ;
Another ragged cliffs, a hollow ford,
Dread of mad floods, seas where no waves appear.
Flames others shake, threat'ning his trembling fear,
With hissing fireless torches ; Myrrha parts
Her tender womb with lucid tears, and darts
The gummy jewels of her weeping tree.
Others less cruel will that all might be
Only in sport, to raise by some sharp thorn
That tender blood, whereof the rose was born,
Or near him hold the torch's sportive flame.
When Venus, his blest mother, in the same

Crimes faulty, through the crowd doth safely press,
Not her enclos'd son's suff'rings to redress,
But his fear doubling, furies doth inflame
With bitter stings, transferring her own shame
Upon her son; because with Mars surpris'd
By the blind nets her husband had devis'd;
Because the Hellespontiac power they slight;
Eryx unkind, half man, hermaphrodite;
Words not suffice, but with a wreath of roses
She whips the crying Boy, whom fear disposes
For worse; from his chaf'd limbs a purple dew
With many stripes the twisted roses drew,
From which a tincture they receiv'd more bright.
The sharp threats fall; revenge to Venus might
Transmit the guilt, should it the crime exceed;
The heroines themselves thus for him plead;
Willing, their funerals and hapless state
Rather to attribute to cruel fate.
The pious mother gives them thanks; they quit
Their griefs, and freely the Boy's faults remit.

Nocturnal fancies in such shapes exprest,
Long with vain fear disturb'd my tim'rous rest:
Till dark sleep chas'd, thence suff'ring Cupid flies,
Through th' ivory gate escaping to the skies.

VENUS' VIGILS.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

THE spring appears in which the earth
Receives a new harmonious birth ;
When all things mutual love unites ;
When birds perform their nuptial rites ;
And fruitful by her wat'ry lover,
Each grove its tresses doth recover ;
Love's Queen to-morrow, in the shade,
Which by these verdant trees is made,
Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
And myrtles into arbours wind ;
To-morrow rais'd on a high throne,
Dione shall her laws make known.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

Then the round ocean's foaming flood,

Immingled with celestial blood,

'Mongst the blue people of the main,

And horses whom two feet sustain,

Rising Dione did beget,

With fruitful waters dropping wet.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

With flow'ry jewels every where

She paints the purple colour'd year ;

She, when the rising bud receives

Favonius' breath, thrusts forth the leaves,

The naked roof with these t' adorn ;

She the transparent dew o' th' morn,

Which the thick air of night still uses

To leave behind, in rain diffuses ;

These tears with orient brightness shine,

Whilst they with trembling weight decline,

Whose every drop, into a small
Clear orb distill'd, sustains its fall.
Pregnant with these the bashful rose
Her purple blushes doth disclose.
The drops of falling dew, that are
Shed in calm nights by every star,
She in her humid mantle holds,
And then her virgin leaves unfolds.
I' th' morn by her command, each maid
With dewy roses is array'd;
Which from Cythera's crimson blood,
From the soft kisses love bestow'd,
From jewels, from the radiant flame,
And the sun's purple lustre came.
She to her spouse shall married be
To-morrow; not asham'd, that he
Should with a single knot untie
Her fiery garment's purple die.

*Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*

The Goddess bade the nymphs remove
Unto the shady myrtle grove;
The Boy goes with the maids, yet none
Will trust, or think love tame is grown,
If they perceive that any where
He arrows doth about him bear.
Go fearless nymphs, for love hath laid
Aside his arms, and tame is made.
His weapons by command resign'd,
Naked to go he is enjoin'd,
Lest he hurt any by his craft,
Either with flame, or bow, or shaft.
But yet take heed young nymphs, beware
You trust him not, for Cupid's fair,
Lest by his beauty you be harm'd;
Love naked is completely arm'd.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persevere.

Fair Venus virgins sends to thee,
Indu'd with equal modesty;

One only thing we thee desire,
Chaste Delia for a while retire;
That the wide forest, that the wood
May be unstain'd with savage blood;
She would with prayers herself attend thee,
But that she knew she could not bend thee;
She would thyself to come have pray'd,
Did these delights beseem a maid;
Now might'st thou see with hallowed rites,
The Chorus solemnize three nights;
'Mongst troops whom equal pleasure crowns,
To play and sport upon thy downs;
'Mongst garlands made of various flowers,
'Mongst ever verdant myrtle bowers;
Ceres nor Bacchus absent be,
Nor yet the poet's deity:
All night we wholly must employ
In vigils, and in songs of joy;
None but Diana must bear sway
Amongst the woods, Delia gives way.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persevere.

She the tribunal did command

Deck'd with Dyblæan flowers should stand;

She will in judgment sit; the Graces

On either side shall have their places;

Hybla thy flowers pour forth whate'er

Was brought thee by the welcome year;

Hybla thy flowery garment spread,

Wide as is Enna's fruitful mead;

Maids of the country here will be;

Maids of the mountains come to see;

Hither resort, all such as dwell

Either in grove, or wood, or well;

The wing'd boy's mother, every one

Commands in order to sit down;

Charging the virgins, that they must

In nothing Love, though naked, trust.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persevere.

Let the fresh covert of a shade
Be by these early flowers display'd;
To-morrow (which with sports and play
We keep) was Æther's wedding-day;
When first the father of the spring
Did out of clouds the young year bring;
The husband Shower then courts his spouse,
And in her sacred bosom flows,
That all which that vast body bred
By this defluxion may be fed:
Produc'd within, she all there sways,
By a hid spirit, which by ways
Unknown diffus'd, through soul and veins,
All things both governs and sustains.
Piercing through the unsounded sea,
And earth, and highest heaven, she
All places with her power doth fill,
Which through each part she doth distil;
And to the world the mystic ways
Of all production open lays.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

She to the Latins did transfer
The Trojan nephews; and by her
Was the Laurentian virgin won,
And join'd in marriage to her son;
By her assistance did Mars gain
A votaress from Vesta's fane;
To marriage Romulus betray'd
The Sabine women, by her aid;
(Of Romans the wide-spreading stem)
And in the long descent of them
In whom that offspring was dilated,
Cæsar her nephew she created.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

The fields are fruitful made by pleasure;
The fields are rich in Venus' treasure;
And love Dione's son fame yields
For truth, his birth had in the fields:

As soon as born the field reliev'd him ;

Into its bosom first receiv'd him ;

She bred him from his infant hours

With the sweet kisses of the flow'rs.

Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never ;

To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

See how the bulls their sides distend,

And broomstalks with the burthen bend ;

Now every one doth safely lie,

Confin'd within his marriage tie ;

See, with their husbands here are laid

The bleating flocks, beneath the shade ;

The warbling birds on every tree,

The Goddess wills not silent be.

The vocal swans on every lake

With their hoarse voice a harsh sound make ;

And Tereus' hapless maid beneath

The poplar's shade her song doth breathe ;

Such as might well persuade thee, Love

Doth in these trembling accents move ;

Not that the sister in those strains
Of the inhuman spouse complains:
We silent are whilst she doth sing;
How long in coming is my spring?
When will the time arrive, that I
May swallow-like my voice untie?
My Muse for being silent flies me,
And Phœbus will no longer prize me:
So did Amiclæ once, whilst all
Silence observ'd, through silence fall.

*Love he to-morrow, who lov'd never;
To-morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*



EXCITATIONS.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1651.

之學記

（此處有模糊文字，疑似為出版或印刷資訊）

EXCITATIONS.

To secure these translations (which were never further intended than as private exercises of the languages from which they are deduced) against the prejudice of such as might perhaps apply the copy to a different original, it will not be unnecessary to give some account of the text, where subject to variety of reading or exposition.

ANACREON.

[ODE I. *Of the Atrides I would sing,
Or the wand'ring Theban king, &c.*]

The scope of the whole ode *Ovid* contracts in this distich :

*Quum Thebæ, cum Troia foret, cum Cæsaris acta,
Ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.*

When *Thebes*, when *Troy*, when *Cæsar* I would
chuse,

Corinna's name alone employs my muse.

Bion to the same effect, *Idyl* IV.

Ἦν μὲν γὰρ ἔροτον ἄλλον ἢ ἀθάνατόν τινα μέλπω
βαμβαίνει μῦν γλῶσσα, καὶ ὥς παρ᾽ ἐκ ἔτ' αἰεῖδει:
Ἦν δ' αὖτ' ἐς τὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἔς Λυκίδαν τὶ μελίσδω,
καὶ τόκα μοι χαιροῖσα διὰ στόματ' ῥέει ῥῥα.

This witness the disorder of my tongue,
When God or Man is subject of my song,
But love and *Lycidas*; what I compose
Of them, in streams of verse untroubled flows.

[*But when I my lute did prove,
Nothing it did sound but love.*]

Tibullus,

*Tunc ego nec Cythara poteram gaudere sonora,
Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos.*

I joy'd not then in my harmonious lute,
Nor to my strings my untun'd voice could suit.

Horace,

*Sed neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus aut
mens.*

My strings nor with my hand, nor mind accord.

[*Heroes then farewell, my lute
To all strains but love is mute.*]

Ovid, ——— *Heroum clara valete*

Nomina, non apta est gratia vestra mihi.

——— *Heroes adieu,*

Your names are not the theme I must pursue.

[ODE II. *Horns to bulls wise Nature lends, &c.*]

Excellently applied by *Heraclitus* in his Epistle to *Hermodorus*, Φάλαγγας δὲ ἀντισησάντες ἄνθρωποι κατὰ ἄνδρῶπων, &c. You covet slaughter, set men in battle array against men, punish them who forsake the field, for not being murderous, and honour as valiant such as are drunk with blood; but lions arm not themselves one against another; horses

betake not themselves to swords; the eagle buckles not on a breastplate against an eagle. No other creatures use instruments of war, their parts are their weapons. Horns are the arms of those, beaks of these, wings of others; swiftness to some, bigness, smallness, swimming to others, to many their breath; no irrational creature useth a sword, but keeps itself within the laws to which designed by Nature; but man hath not so; more blameable because more understanding.

[*Men with courage she supplies.*]

Stephanus will allow *φρόνημα* here to signify only *φρόνησιν*, wisdom, not *animi magnitudinem et ferociam*, attributing *valour* (most improperly) to beasts: whose exposition *Belleau* follows:

—————aux lions les dens,

Et aux hommes d' estre prudens.

But ours (the genuine sense of the word) is confirmed by *Bion*,

Μορφῇ θηλυτέρῃσι πέλει καλὸν, ἀνέρι δ' αἰκία.

Beauty, the pride of woman, strength of man.

[ODE III. *Downward was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner.*]

Στροφὴ ἀρκίε, is the conversion of the bear from the meridian. Ovid:

Jamque moræ spatium nox præcipitata tenebat,

Versaque ab axe suo Parrhasis Arctos erat.

Scaliger in *Manilium*; because *Arctos* or *Helice* never sets, the ancients observed his touching the horizon, which they called *Principium Ursæ*, and next, his transcension of the circle, which they called his conversion.

[ODE IV. *On this verdant lotus laid.*]

Belleau interprets *lotus*, *alisier*, a word proper only to the lote-tree, to which he applies the sense,

Sur tous arbres i'ay desir

Le myrte et l'alisier choisir

Pour boire a leur ombre mouvant.

But *Anacreon* seems rather to intend the plant of that name, of which there are two kinds, one wild, growing in marshes and watery places, meant by *Homer, Iliad II.*

————— ἵπποι δὲ παρ' ἄρμασιν οἰσιν ἕκαστοι
 Λωλὸν ἐρεπλόμενοι, ἐλεόθρεπλὸν τε σέλινον
 ἔεσαν.

————— whilst every harness'd steed

Doth lotus crop, and on marsh smallage feed.
 Here perhaps affected for the freshness and coolness. The other is of a garden kind, whereof the Egyptians (as *Pliny* saith) made bread.

[*Life like to a wheel turns round.*]

Not unlike the story of *Sesostris*, and the four kings that drew his chariot.

[*Why then graves should we bedew?*

Why the ground with odours strew?]

The custom used by Grecians and Romans, of

pouring wine and sweet ointments upon the tombs of their friends, is every where known; hither alludes that old inscription,

OSSIBVS INFVNDAM QVÆ NVNQVAM VINA BIBISTI.

Wine (which thou ne'er drank'st) on thy bones we pour.

And *Martial*,

Unguentum fateor bonum dedisti

Convivis heri, sed nihil scidisti;

Res est salsa bene olere et esurire:

Qui non cœnat, et ungitur Fabulle

Is vere mihi mortuus videtur.

Though commonly applied by interpreters to that other ceremony of anointing the bodies of the dead, more naturally and acutely it reflects upon this custom, and the *Cænæ ferales* or *Silicernia*, for so he seems to accuse *Fabullus*, not *quod nihil apposuit, sed quod nihil scidit*; the sense of the epigram being thus,

Last night sweet waters to each guest
 Thou gav'st (*Fabullus*) 'tis confest;
 Supper brought in, but nothing carv'd;
 Perfum'd without, and within starv'd;
 With fragrant oils and untouch'd meat
 We only use the dead to treat.

Upon the same occasion is the immediate epigram
 to *Nævia*.

[*That these pleasures we may know,
 Ere we come to those below.*]

Νεπλέρων χορείαι; from νέγλεροι and ἔνεροι, the
 Latins *inferi* *q. ineri* interposing *pro more* the Æolic
 diagram. The root is Ερα, whence, perhaps, *terra*;
 derived amongst the old Latins, called *era*, as the
 Spaniards still *las eras*, τὸ λήϊον. Hence our word
earth, by syncope, from ἐράθε, and all from the
 Hebrew ערש. The whole ode seems exactly imitated
 by the author of the *Copa*, which, since it frequently

complies with *Anacreon's* luxury (as particularly *Ode 15, 39, &c.*) we will here insert.

THE HOSTESS.

The Syrian hostess, with a Greek wreath crown'd,
Shaking her wither'd side to th' bagpipe's sound,
Drunk, 'fore the tavern a loose measure leads,
And with her elbow blows the squeaking reeds,
Who would the summer's dusty labours ply,
That might on a soft couch carousing lie?
Here's music, wine, cups, and an arbour made
Of cooling flags, that cast a grateful shade:
A pipe whereon a shepherd sweetly plays,
Whilst the Mænalian cave resounds his lays;
A hogshead of brisk wine new pierc'd; a spring
Of pleasant water ever murmuring;
Wreaths twisted with the purple violet;
White garlands with the blushing rose beset;
And osier baskets with fair lilies fraught
From the bank-side by Achelois brought;

Fresh cheese in rushy cradles lay'd to dry ;
Soft plums, by Autumn ripen'd leisurely ;
Chesnuts and apples sweetly streak'd with red ;
Neat *Ceres* by young Love and *Bacchus* led ;
Black mulberries, an overcharged vine ;
Green cucumbers, that on their stalks decline ;
The garden's guardian, with no dreadful look,
Nor other weapon than a pruning-hook.
Tabour and pipe come hither ; see, alas !
Thy tir'd beast sweats ; spare him ; our well-lov'd ass.
The grasshopper chirps on her green seat,
The lizard peeps out of his cold retreat ;
Come in this shade thy weary limbs repose,
And crown thy drowsy temples with the rose.
A maid's lip safely may'st thou rifle here ;
Away with such whose foreheads are severe.
Flowers why reserv'st thou for unthankful dust ?
To thy cold tomb wilt thou these garlands trust ?
Bring wine and dice ; hang them, the morrow weigh :
Death warns, " I come " (saith he) " live whilst
you may."

[ODE V. *Roses (Love's delight)* ———.]

Philostratus. Epist. I. Οντως τὰ ρόδα ἔρωι
 φυλά· κὺ γὰρ νέα ὡς ἐκεῖν· κὺ ὕργα ὡς αὐτὸς ὁ
 ἔρως· κὺ χρυσοκομβεσιν ἄμφω· κὺ τ' ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς ὅμοια·
 τα ρόδα τὴν ἄκανθαν ἀντὶ βελῶν ἔχει· Τὸ πυρὸν ἀντι-
 δάδων· τοῖς φύλλοις ἐπτέρωται· χρόνον δὲ οὔτε ἔρως,
 οὔτε ρόδα οἶδεν· ἐχθρὸς γὰρ ὁ θεὸς κὺ τῇ κάλλους
 ὀπώρα κὺ τῇ ρόδων ἐπιδημία. The rose is properly
 Love's flower; youthful as he, delicate as he; both
 golden haired; the resemblance holds further; her
 prickles answer his arrows, her colour his flame;
 her leaves his wings: both are alike subject to the
 injuries of time.

[————— *let's join*

To the red-cheek'd god of wine.]

That they used in a frolic to pluck the roses out of
 their garlands and drink them, is evinced by the
 story *Pliny* relates of *Antony*, who, upon his Actian
 expedition, jealous of *Cleopatra's* entertainments,

would eat nothing without a taster; she thus mocked his fear; in the midst of their mirth she invited him to drink their garlands (having before dipt the tips of her own in poison): who could fear treachery in that? which being pluckt in pieces and put into the bowl, as he offered to drink, she laid hold of it; “ See, I am she, dear *Antony*,” (saith she) “ whom thou darest not pledge without a taster: if I could live without thee, I could easily find opportunity to take thee away.” Then she sent for a captive, who being commanded to drink it, died presently. *Lib. 21.*

[*Roses crown us, while we laugh,
And the juice of Autumn quaff.*]

The known custom of drunkards, as in the epicure’s speech, *Wisd. 2.* (with which *Anacreon* the exact character of the Grecian luxury agrees, almost in the same words) Verse 7. “ Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let no flower of the

spring pass by us; let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered." This is enough confirmed by *Plautus*, who when he personates one drunk, brings him in so crowned. The original of which custom (saith *Athenæus*) was occasioned by their observation, that to bind the head was prevalent against the vapours of the wine; διὰ τῶν περιτὸν οἶνον κεφαλαλγιῶν: at first they used linen or fillets, changed afterward for ornament into garlands, and those made of such flowers and herbs as were most cooling and refreshing, (as *Anacreon Ode 21*). which virtue the rose was believed to have in an eminent degree; the scent available against intoxication and sleep, ὅταν δὲ πνέῃ τὰ ροδα, &c. Where the rose breathes, all men and gods are kept awake, for her scent drives away sleep. *Philostratus*.

[ODE VI. *Whilst a lass, whose hand a spear
Branch'd with ivy twines doth bear,*

*With her white feet beats the ground
To the lute's harmonious sound.]*

The text seems here to be corrupted, and for

Κατὰ κισσοῖσι βρύοντας, &c.

perhaps we should read (though the Tmesis is frequent with our author)

Κατὰ κισσοῖσι βρύοντας

Πλοκάμοις φέρσα θυρσὰς.

In the same words *Claudian*,

Crinali florens hedera——

Anacreon expresseth the manner of the *Psaltiriæ*, women that played and danced at the symposia or feasts; (*Puella Salticæ, Tertul.*) so general, the Philosophers themselves admitted them. See *Seneca Epist.* 84. and *Macrob. Sat.* 2. 1. *Quia sub illorum supercilio non defuit, qui Psaltriam intromitti peteret, ut puella ex industria supra naturam mollior, canora dulcedine et saltationis lubrico, exerceat illecebris philosophantes.* There wanted not of their supercilious company who desired a *Psaltria* might be

admitted, that a wench whose study is to be softer than Nature made her, with her sweet song and wanton dance, might recreate the philosophers.

[ODE VIII. *As on purple carpets I*

Charm'd by wine in slumber lie.]

Αλιπὸρφυς (in distinction from that counterfeit purple extracted from herbs) is by the Latins (with the same respect to its original) named *Conchiliatus color*. Cicero, *Conchiliatis Cn. Pompeii peristromatis servorum in cellis lectos stratos videres*. The figures of these carpets were commonly of beasts, whence Plautus, *Belluata conchyliata tapetia*, confirmed by that fable in *Æsop*, of the young man who struck the picture of the lion in the hangings. See *Ovid* and *Ammian. Marcellinus*. This gives light to *Æschylus in Coeph.*

Ἰδὲ δ' ὕφασμα τέτο, σὺς ἔργον χερὸς,

Σπᾶδις τὲ πλεγαῖς, εἰς τε θηρίων γραφὴν.

This texture by thy own hand woven see,
The shuttle's strokes, the beast's imagery.

ODE IX. is an excellent description of one of those messenger-pigeons, of which kind we have many almost incredible relations from the Eastern countries. It is well known that they were much in use amongst the Romans, as appears by *Pliny*, *Varro*, and the siege of *Mutina*. Such an one was sent with intelligence to the besieged in *Damascus*, intercepted by the Christians, and dismissed with a letter to a contrary effect, by which means the town was yielded. How much they were esteemed and cherished we may collect from the costly ointments the owners bestowed on them; as here,

*From whose wings perfumes distil,
And the air with odours fill.*

[ODE XI. *Pleasures, as less time to try*

Old men have, they more should ply.]

We render τὰ τεπρνὰ παίζειν, *pleasures*, as both including the interpretation of *Hesychius*, παίδια περὶ τὰ ἀφροδίσια (*amori dare ludum*, as *Horace* calls it) and that of *Palladas*, the paraphrast of this ode,

*Ευδομοῖς δὲ μύροισι καὶ ευπετάλοις σεφάνοισι

Τῷ ἔρομῳ πάσῃ φρονίδας ἀργαλέας.

[ODE XII. *Shall I clip thy wings, or cut*

Tereus-like thy shrill tongue out.]

He applies the rape of *Philomela* to *Progne*, nor is it rare with the poets (especially the Greek) to use their names promiscuously ; *Ovid* himself is guilty of this confusion, who in his *consolation to Livia* agreeth with our *Anacreon*.

[*Who Rodantha driv'st away*

From my dreams ————]

This name is inserted upon the authority of *Agathias Scholasticus*,

Βαιὸν ἵνα κνώσσοιμεν • ἴσως δέ τις ἤξει ὄνειρος

Ὃς με ῥοδανδείσις πήχεσιν ἀμφιβάλοι.

Which I rather chose upon occasion to retain, than to follow *Anacreon* too strictly.

[————— by break of day.]

Apuleius, florid. I. Hirundinis cantus matutinus, cicadæ meridianus, noctuæ serus, ululæ vespertinus, lubonis nocturnus, Galli antelucanus. Antipater.

Κέρκιδα τᾶν ὀρθρινᾶ χελιδόνων ἅμα φωνᾶ

Μελπομεναν •

[ODE XIII. *Atys* through deserted groves,

Cybele invoking roves.]

He calls *Atys* ἡμίθην, (*Belleau, l'effeminé*), *Catullus, sine viro. Arnobius, Nonne illum Attym Phrygem abscissum et spoliatum viro magnæ matris in*

*adytis deum propitium deum sanctum Gallorum con-
clamatione testamini.*

[ODE XV. *I not care for Gyges' sway.*]

Archilocus in the same words,

Ὅου μοι τὰ λύγρο τῷ πολυχρύσε μέλει,
Οὐδ' εἰλέ πω με ζῆλον, εἰδ' ἀγαίωμα
Θεῶν ἔργα· μεγάλης δ' ἐκ' ἐρῷ τυραννίδος
Ἀπόπροθεν γάρ εἰσιν ὀφθαλμῶν ἐμῶν.

I do not wish the wealth of Gyges' mine,
Never did emulate nor e'er repine
At Heaven's decrees; nor covet I to be
A mighty prince; these things are far from me.

[*What's to-morrow who can say?*]

*Seneca, Epist. 101. Quam stultum est ætatem
disponere; ne crastino quidem dominamur; O quanta
dementia est spes longas inchoantium: Emam, edi-
ficabo, credam, exigam, honores geram, omnia mihi
crede etiam felicibus dubia sunt; nihil sibi quisquam*

de futuro debet promittere. How foolish a thing it is to predispose of our time; we have not power so much as of the morrow; oh how mad are they who entertain long hopes; I will buy, build, lend, borrow, bear office, all things believe me are doubtful, even to the happy; no man ought to promise himself any thing of the future.

[*Come then, let us drink ———*]

This false inference (frequent with *Anacreon*) is largely paraphrased by *T. Amant* in his *Debauche*, a piece suiting with the genius of our poet.

THE DEBAUCH.

Let's not rhyme the hours away;

Friends! we must no longer play:

Brisk *Lyæus* (see!) invites

To more ravishing delights.

Let's give o'er this fool *Apollo*;

Nor his fiddle longer follow:

Fie upon his forked hill,
With his fiddle-stick and quill;
And the Muses, though they're gamesome,
They are neither young nor handsome;
And their freaks in sober sadness
Are a mere poetic madness:
Pegasus is but a horse;
He that follows him is worse.
See the rain soaks to the skin,
Make it rain as well within.
Wine, my boy; we'll sing and laugh,
All night revel, rant, and quaff;
Till the morn stealing behind us
At the table sleepless find us.
When our bones (alas) shall have
A cold lodging in the grave,
When swift death shall overtake us,
We shall sleep and none can wake us.
Drink we then the juice o' th' vine,
Make our breasts *Lyæus'* shrine;

Bacchus, our debauch beholding,
By thy image I am moulding,
Whilst my brains I do replenish
With this draught of unmix'd rhenish;
By thy full-branch'd ivy twine;
By this sparkling glass of wine;
By thy *Thyrsus* so renown'd;
By the healths with which th'art crown'd;
By the feasts which thou dost prize;
By thy numerous victories;
By the howls by *Mænads* made;
By this haut-gout carbonade;
By thy colours, red and white;
By the tavern thy delight;
By the sound thy orgies spread;
By the shine of noses red;
By thy table free for all;
By the jovial carnival;
By thy language cabalistic;
By thy cymbal, drum and his stick;

By the tunes thy quart-pots strike up;
By thy sighs, the broken hickup;
By thy mystic set of ranters;
By thy never tamed panthers;
By this sweet, this fresh and free air;
By thy goat, as chaste as we are;
By thy fulsome *Cretan* lass;
By the old man on the ass;
By thy cousins in mix'd shapes;
By the flower of fairest grapes;
By thy bisks fam'd far and wide;
By thy store of neats-tongues dry'd;
By thy incense, Indian smoke;
By the joys thou dost provoke;
By this salt Westphalia gammon;
By these sausages that inflame one;
By thy tall majestic flaggons;
By mass, tope, and thy flap-dragons;
By this olive's unctuous savour;
By this ownge, the wines' flavour;

By this cheese o'errun with mites;
 By thy dearest favorites ;
 To thy frolic order call us,
 Knights of the deep bowl install us ;
 And to shew thyself divine,
 Never let it want for wine.

[*And to Bacchus sacrifice.*]

Before they drank they poured a little upon the ground (a known custom) in offering to those gods to whom they were particularly devoted; soldiers to *Mars*, drunkards to *Bacchus*, (as here) lovers to *Venus*, &c. which that they did as often as they first drank, I am induced to believe by the old wife in *Plautus's Curculio* :

*Venus de paullo paululum hoc tibi dabo,
 Haut libenter; nam tibi amantes, propinantes,
 Vinum potantes dant omne; mihi haud sæpe
 Eveniunt tales hæreditates.*

A little of a little wine to thee,
Venus, I give, not very willingly,
 Though lovers when they drink offer thee all,
 Me such a purchase seldom doth befall.

For she that gave a little so unwillingly would
 have parted with none; if it had not been piacular
 to drink without libation.

[ODE XVI. *But a stranger enemy*

Shot me from my mistress' eye.]

Imitated by *Aristenætus*, *Laida*, ὁ ἔρως ἐπαίδευσε
 εὐσόχως ἐπιλοξεύειν, ταῖς τῶν ὀμμάτων βολαῖς. (which
 we shall interpret upon the 28th Ode.) The reason
 of this metaphor *Alexander Aphrodisæus* gives, ὅτι
 καλὰ μὲν τὰς ἀρχὰς ἐκ μιᾶς ἀκλῖν τῶν ὄψεων ὁ ἔρως
 ἀπολελεῖται, Love at first is occasioned by one glance
 of the eye; and *Xenophon*, ὅτι καὶ πόρρωθεν οἱ καλοὶ
 τιθρώσκουσιν, They who are fair wound afar off.

[ODE XVII. *But to life exactly shape*

Clusters of the bleeding grape.]

Cups were ordinarily so adorned by the Ancients,
Virgil,

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,

Diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos.

On these a vine with spreading clusters fraught,

Clad with pale ivy twines, is smoothly wrought.

Trebellius affirms not only cups, but dishes also, to be commonly wrought with figures of grapes and ivy, which he calls *Discos corymbiotos, lances pampinatas et pateras hederatas.*

[ODE XVIII. *And the bright-hair'd God of day*

With a youthful bevy play.]

The imperfection of the text exacts some conjecture like this,

Συναππε κέρους ευπρεπείς,

᾿Οἷς μὲν ποῖε' αἰδύρη.

[ODE XIX. *Thirsty earth drinks up the rain.]*

Ovid,

Terraque cælestes arida sorbet aquas.

[*Trees from earth drink that again.*]

They draw in water (saith *Theophrastus*) for their nutriment, not only to live but grow; and *Pliny*, *cibus earum imber*; rain is their food.

[*The sea drinks the air, ———*]

Αύρας, the author of the book *De Mundo*, describes τὰς ἐξ ὕγρου φερομένας ἐκπνοάς, humid expirations, which *Ronsard* and *Belleau* seem not to apprehend, applying it to the winds, the first,

La Mersalée boit le vent.

The other

La Mer boit les vents qu'elle enserre.

[————— the sun

Drinks the sea —————]

An expression derived from those who held that the stars were (ζῶα νοερά, *Philo Jud.*) living creatures, consequently affecting this kind of nutriment: for the ancient physiologists affirmed, that Nature

placed the ocean directly under the Zodiac, that the sun and rest of the planets (*haberent subjecti humoris alimoniam, Macrob.*) might be nourished by the moisture beneath them. The sun was conceived to be maintained (ἐκ τῆς ἀπο τῆς θαλάττης ἀναθυμιάσεως, *Porphyr.*) by the vapours of the sea: and therefore, perhaps, defined by the Stoics, ἀναμμα νοερόν ἐκ θαλατῶν ὑδάτων, *Clem. Alex.*) an intellectual chain of marine waters. The moon, by springs and rivers, ἐκ τῶν πηγάων καὶ ποταμίων ὑδάτων; the stars, by exhalation of the earth, ἀπὸ τῆς ἐκ γῆς ἔκθυμιάσεως. In pursuit of this opinion they averred (*quod consumpto hoc humore mundus hic omnis ignescat. Minut. Fœl.*) that when this moisture shall be consumed, the whole world will be set on fire.

This is not much different from *White's* assertion, *de Mundo*, that the sun is a fire which daily extracteth the moisture of the earth, and when that fails, shall fire the dry substance that remains, the occasion of the general conflagration.

[————— and him the moon.]

Varro Atacinus,

————— *quam lucis egentem*

Lux aliena fovet —————

————— who, wanting light,

Is by another's cherish'd. ———

So *Claudian,*

Qui variam Phæben alieno jusserit igne

Compleri, solemque suo —————

Who varying Phæbe with a stranger fire

The sun fills with his own —————

Cleomedes,

Τὸ δὲ λαμπρυνόμενον αὐτῆς ἀπὸ ἡλίου ἔχει τὴν
λαμπηδόνα.

Pythagoras, in Laertius,

Τὴν τε σεληνὴν λάμπειν ὑφ' ἡλίου.

[ODE XX. *Niobe on Phrygian sands*

Turn'd a weeping statue stands.]

*Ε5η (saith *Stephanus*) is in answer to ξπ7η; most proper for a statue. *Seneca*, upon the same,

Stat nunc Sipyli vèrtice summo

Flebile saxum, et adhuc lachrymas

Marmora fundunt antiqua novas.

A weeping statue stands still on the head

Of Sipylus; new tears th' old stone doth shed.

So I suspect *Achilles Tati*us should be restored in his description of *Prometheus*' statue; ὁ δὲ Προμηθεὺς μεσὸς ἔσῃ ἐλπίδι⊕ ἄμα καὶ φόβῳ; *Prometheus* stood betwixt hope and fear.

[*But a mirror I would be,*

To be look'd on still by thee.]

Examples of such wishes are frequent with the poets. *Dionysius* the sophist,

*Ειδ' ἀνεμ⊕ γενόμεν, σὺ δὲ γε σειχουσα παρ' αὐγὰς

Στήθεα γυμνῶσαις, καὶ με πνέοντα λάβοις.

Would I were air, that thou with heat opprest

Might'st let me breathe myself into thy breast.

Theocritus,

Ἄ βομβευσσα μέλισσα κ' ἐς τὸν ἄντρον ἰκοίμαν.

————— oh were I

A buzzing bee, and to thy cave might fly.

Alcæus,

*Εἶδε λύρα καλὴ γενοίμην ἐλεφαντίνῃ,

Καί με καλοὶ παῖδες φοροῖεν Διονύσιον ἐς χορόν.

*Εἶδ' ἄπυρον καλὸν γενοίμην μέγα χρυσίον,

Καί με καλὴ γυνὴ φοροίη καθαρόν θημένῃ νόον.

Would I were an ivory lyre,

That fair youths to feasts might bear me;

Or pure gold untried by fire,

That some spotless maid might wear me.

But *Anacreon* confines himself to the *Ornatus et mundus amasiæ*. *Julius Paulus* Recep. Sen. lib. 3.

Mundo muliebri legato ea cedunt per quæ mundior mulier lautiorque fit; veluti speculum, conchæ, situli, item buxides, unguenta et vasa quibus ea sunt. Ornamentis legatis ea cedunt per quæ ornatior efficitur

mulier, veluti annuli, catenæ, reticuli, et cætera quibus collo vel capite vel manibus mulieres ornantur.

[*Or thy shoe I wist to be,*

That thou might'st but tread on me.]

Philostrat. Ep. ὦ ἄδετοι πόδες • ὦ κάλλος ἐλεύθερον •
ὦ τρισευδαίμων ἐγὼ καὶ μακάριος ἔαν πατήσῃτέ με.

[ODE XXII. *Come, my fair, the heat t' evade,*

Let us sit beneath this shade.]

We follow those copies that have,

Παρά τήν σκιήν ἐάθυλλε

Κάθισον • καλὸν τὸ δένδρον.

For *Andreas* and *Belleau* reading ἐαθύλλε, and taking away the point after κάθισον, have extremely wrested the whole sense of the Ode.

[ODE XXIII. *But if life cannot be bought,*

Why complain I then for nought, &c.]

Seneca: Quæ (malum) amentia est pœnas à se infœlicitatis exigere, et mala sua augere? How mad is he who punisheth himself for his own misfortunes, and increaseth his ills. To this effect *Bion*,

Ἴδὲ θεοὶ κατένευσαν ἓνα χρόνον ἐς βίον ἐλθεῖν
 Ἀνθρώποις, &c.

But since the gods man but one life allow,
 And that more short than other things acquire,
 Ah why ourselves with labour do we tire;
 How long to gain and arts will we apply
 Our studies, and still more, more riches cry.

[ODE XXVI. *When my sense in wine I steep,
 All my cares are lull'd asleep.*]

Xenophon. Τῷ γὰρ ὄντι οἶνον ἄρδων τὰς ψυχὰς, τὰς μὲν λύπας, ὥσπερ ὁ μανδραγόρας τοὺς ἀνθρώπους, κοιμίζει. Τὰς δὲ φιλοφροσύνας, ὥσπερ ἔλαιον φλόγα, ἐγείρει; Wine, when it hath filled the soul, charms grief (as a mandrake the eater) asleep; awakes mirth as oil the flame.

[ODE XXVII. *In a sprightly saraband*

Guides my foot and ready hand,

Which an even measure sets

'Twixt my voice and castanets.]

In dancing they used *κροταλίζειν, κρᾶειν ταῖς χερσίν*, as *Hesychius* expounds it, to make a noise with the hand.

Martial,

Edere lascivos ad Bætica crumata gestus,

Et Gaditanis ludere docta modis.

She that with Bætic castanets can play,

And dance lasciviously the Spanish way.

For this manner of dancing was brought first by the Spanish women to *Rome*, and acted publicly on the theatre. The dance they call *Carabanda*, the noise they made with their fingers *castanneta*, which *Cobaruvias* expounds, *El golpe y sonido que se da con el dedo pulpar y el dedo medio quando se vaila*, ‘the knocking of the thumb against the middle finger in dancing;’ and to make the better sound,

Se ata al pulgar dos tablillas concavas y por defuera redondas a modo de castannas, ‘ they tie two hollow pieces of wood to their thumb, fashioned like chest-nuts,’ whence they take their name *Castannet*.

ODE XXVIII. With this and the following Ode exactly agrees the first Epistle of *Aristenætus*.

ARISTENÆTUS TO PHILOCALUS.

Nature with beauty *Lais* did invest,
But *Venus* crown'd with sweetness 'bove the rest,
And register'd her sacred name in heaven,
To make the number of the Graces even,
By golden love instructed, mortal hearts
To wound with her bright eyes' unerring darts:
Her sex's wonder, nature's masterpiece,
And living image she of *Venus* is.
Her cheeks a mixed red and white disclose,
That emulates the splendour of the rose:

Yet these the tincture of her lip outvies ;
Pure black her even arched eye-brows dies,
Beneath whose sable hemispheres the bright
Suns of her eyes move with full orbs of light.
The black and white here kindly disagree,
Grac'd by each others contrariety ;
In these the Graces are enthron'd, and there
By all that see ador'd: her curious hair
In which the jacinth's colour is express'd,
By hands of Nature curl'd, of *Venus* dress'd.
Her neck by a rich carquanet embrac'd,
With the fair letters of her name enchas'd :
Her garment to her shape though loose, so fit,
As if not made for her, but she for it.
Beauteous in the becoming dress she wears,
But Beauty's self, she, when that's off, appears.
And when she moves this curious frame, her gait
Expresseth quickness intermix'd with state.
Such motion in tall cypresses we find,
Or palms when breath'd on by some gentle wind ;

Yet with this difference ; them Zephyr moves,
But she is wafted on the breath of Loves.
Her his original the painter makes,
When or the Graces or their Queen he takes.
Her breasts in envy of each other swell,
And their kind silken bands coyly repel :
But when she speaks, what clouds of Syrens watch
About her lips, and her soft accents snatch :
The cæstus she of Cytheræa wears,
A matchless form, which no exception bears.
How fell this mistress *Venus* to my share ?
Was I the judge that sentenc'd thee most fair ?
Thou not from me didst the rich ball receive,
Yet to me freely dost this *Helen* give.
To thy kind power what offering shall I pay ?
Her all that see, that none may envy, pray.
She darts so glorious, yet so mild a light,
As dazzles not, but clears the gazer's sight.
Old men, beholding her, accuse their fate ;
Wish hers had earlier been, or theirs more late.

The power that angry nature did deny
 The dumb, by signs they in her praise supply.
 None knows, who sums in her all Beauty's store,
 Or what to say, or how she should give o'er.

I shall not need to instance in those particulars
 which he hath borrowed from *Anacreon*, they are so
 obvious.

[*Underneath this shade, ———*]

Black hair, *χαίτας μέλαινας*, he calls *πορφύρεας*,
 and in the next Ode *ὄφρυς κυανέη*, eyebrows of the
 same colour. So *Pindar*, *ιοκομὸς κῶρη*, *Homer*,
κυανεῖσιν ἑπ' ὄφρυσι, and *Hesiod*, *κυανέοι ἄνδρες*,
 speaking of the Ethiopians.

[*Sparkling like Minerva's, yet*

Like Cythera's mildly sweet.]

Γλαυκὸν I render *sparkling*, as in that of *Moschus*,

**Ὅσσε δ' ὑπογλαύκεσκε δι' ἡμερον ἀσράπτονλε*,

His brighter eyes with amorous sparkles glow.

That this is the proper meaning of the word,

Hesychius and the scholiasts of *Callimachus* and *Apollonius* attest, referring it to the brightness, not the colour. Hence *Minerva*, γλαυκόφθαλμος δια τὸ ὀξύδερκές, τοιαύτη γάρ ἡ γυνῶσις, scholiast in *Hesiod*, because wisdom is sharp-sighted. See *Mirandula's* Platonic discourse, 2. 6. But sparkling in the eye being commonly a sign of anger (*et ira Scintillant oculi. Pers.*) *Anacreon* qualifies it here with sweetness, as *Moschus* with *Love*, δι' ἡμερον ἀστράπτοντε; this he explains better in the following Ode.

Μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔσω

Κεκρασμένον γαληνῇ.

In her black yet lively eye

Sweetness mix with majesty,

That the soul of every lover

There 'twixt hope and fear may hover.

[*Roses in milk swimming seek*

For the pattern of her cheek.]

Propertius,

Ut Mæotica nix minio si certet Ibero,

Utque rosæ puro lacte natent folia :

Like snow contending with the scarlet die,

Or rose-buds that in pure milk floating lie.

[————— her neck outvying

Parian stone —————]

Lapis Lygdinus is the same with Parian marble,

Scholiastes Pindari, παρις δὲ λίθος ὁ καλούμενος λυγδινός. Yet *Philostratus* seems to distinguish them.

ξέοντες την λυγδίνην, ἢ την πάριον λίθον.

[ODE XXIX. *Black her hair must be, yet bright,*

Tipt, as with a golden light.]

I render λιπαρός, *comas, bright*, not in relation to the colour, but the unguents, a custom of late resumed.

Plautus, *nitidiusculum caput*. Opposite to this is ἀλιπαρὴς τρίξ, in *Sophocles*; in *Cicero*, *capillus horridus*. The description *Ovid* borrows,

*Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureus illis,
Sed quamvis neuter, mixtus uterque color.*

[ODE XXXIII. *And divert'st thyself awhile
Near the Memphian towers, or Nile.*]

Seneca,

————— *cælum secans*

Tepente Nilo pensat arctoas nives;

———— through heaven she cuts her way,

And northern snows doth with warm Nile allay.

[ODE XXXV. *On whose back the Tyrian maid
Through the surges was convey'd.*]

Euripides,

Φοινικογενῆς παῖ τῆς τυρίας

τέκνον Ευρώπης.

Seneca,

Tyriæ per undas rector Europæ nitet.

And *Herodotus* conjectures this quarter of the world was named ἀπὸ τῆς συρίας 'Ευρώπης, lib. 4.

(which *Valla* renders *ab Europa Tyria*) in his first book, affirming the *Cretans* sailed to *Tyre*, and stole her from thence. The chronologers that follow *Eusebius* rank this about the time of *Joshua*, but the *Arundeliana stela Epocharum*, set forth by Mr. *Selden*, shews, that *Cadmus* came to *Thebes* and built *Cadmea* at the same time when *Amphictyon* reigned in *Athens*, which was before the *Israelites* forsook *Egypt*: by this it is apparent, that *Europa* was not of *Tyre*, for that was built long after, viz. 240 years (as *Josephus*, lib. 8. 2.) before the temple of *Solomon*, which was begun in the 480th year after the *Israelites'* departure out of *Egypt*.

Eusebius, Anno 562. *Phoenix et Cadmus de Thebis Ægyptiorum in Syriam profecti apud Tyrum et Sidonem regnaverunt.* ‘*Phoenix* and *Cadmus* going from *Thebes* of *Egypt* into *Syria* reigned at *Tyre* and *Sidon*.’ But *Bochartus* (2. 1. 4. of his sacred Geography), denies that they were *Egyptians*, because

their names are *Phœnician*; of this opinion were the *Phœnicians* themselves, *Athenæus* Deip. 1.

[ODE XXXVI. *Jove loves water*, ———]

Διὸς ὕδωρ. This interpretation (if it seem not forced) may be strengthened, and perhaps explained by that custom of the *Grecians*, mentioned by *Athenæus* 15. ‘who as soon as the wine was brought to the table pure and unmixed (τῷ μὲν παρὰ δειπνον ἀκράτῳ προσδιδομένῳ) invoke loudly the good God, praising and honouring him that first found it, *Bacchus*; after supper, as soon as the cup was brought tempered with water, they call on *Jupiter* the preserver, Δία σωτήρα ἐπιλέγουσι, the bestower of rain, the author of temper and commixtion;’ for that reason, in *Tibullus* and *Statius*, *Jupiter Pluvius*: in *Lucian*, Ζεὺς ὕων. *Hesychius*, ὕις, Ζεὺς ὁμῶρι.

[ODE XXXVII. *See how the becalmed seas*

Now their swelling waves appease.]

Oppian, Halieut. 1.

Αλλ' ὅπως' ἀνθεμόεσσαι ἐπὶ χθονὸς εἶαρ ὦραι

Πορφύρεον γελάσωσιν ἀναπνεύση δὲ θάλασσα

Χεῖμαί τε 'ευδιώσα γαληναίη δὲ γένηται

*Ηπια κυμαίνεσα.

But when the spring's sweet showers on earth
shall cast

Their purple smiles: the seas, from winter's blast
Secur'd, shall softly breathe, and in a calm

Glide gently on ———

[*Now in their new robes of green*

Are the plowman's labours seen.]

Βροτῶν ἔργα: properly signifying τὰ κατὰ τὴν
γεωργίαν, as *Vulcanius* observes upon that of *Cal-*
limachus,

Κτήνιά φιν λοιμὸς καταβόσκειται, ἔργα δὲ πάχνη.
derived by him ἀπὸ τῆς ἔρας.

[ODE XL. *Love a Bee, that lay among*

Roses, saw not, and was stung.]

Pignorius mentions an excellent picture, representing the subject of this Ode, and underneath it these verses,

*Dum puer alveolo furatur mella Cupido,
Furanti digitum cuspide fixit apis :
Sic etiam nobis brevis et peritura voluptas,
Quam petimus tristi mixta dolore nocet.*

As childish Cupid tried to rob a hive,
A Bee incensed stung the little thief ;
So all the short-liv'd joys for which we strive,
None taste without the sharp allay of grief.

[ODE XLIII. *Grasshopper thrice happy* ——]

The whole Ode is excellently paraphrased and explained in the life of *Apollonius Tyanæus*, lib. 7. cap. 5. The words of *Philostratus* are these, “ As *Demetrius* and *Apollonius* were sitting under a tree, the grasshoppers incited by the heat of the day, chirped round about them ; to whom *Demetrius*,

O happy and truly wise; you sing the song the Muses taught you, subject to no censure or misconstruction; by them freed from the slavishness of hunger and human envies; and dwelling in these bushy tenements, which they provided for you, celebrate their happiness and your own. *Apollonius*, though he knew well whereto these words tended, gently reproved him, as more cautious than the time required; “why,” said he, “desiring to praise the grasshoppers, dost thou not do it freely and openly, but even here seemest to fear, as if there were an act against it;” *Demetrius* replied, “I did not this so much to shew their happiness, as our own misery; they are allowed to sing, but we not to whisper our thoughts: wisdom as a crime is laid to our charge.”

[ODE XLV. *In the Lemnian forge of late*

Vulcan making arrows sate.]

The reason why *Vulcan's* forge was supposed at

Lemnos, is known to be the frequent subterraneous fires and noisome air of that island; for the same cause but thinly inhabited; *Attius* in *Philoctete*,

Quis tu es mortalis qui in deserta et tesqua

Te apportes loca.

Where *Varro* observes, *agrestia Lemni loca dici tesqua*. *Vetus Glossarium*, *Tesqua sive Tesca*, κατά-κρημνοί, καὶ ῥάχεις, καὶ ἔρημοι τόποι, precipices, cliffs, and deserts. Thence called by *Sophocles* in *Philoctete*, ἀσειπλήν, εἰ δ' οἰκεμένη, inaccessible, inhabitable, not as being absolutely so, for the Scholiast of *Apolonius* reports there were two cities in it, ἡφαίστεια and μυρίνη.

[ODE XLVI. *Only gold is look'd upon.*]

Propertius,

Cynthia non sequitur fasces, non curat honores,

Semper amatorum ponderat Illa sinus.

Office nor honour *Cynthia's* kindness sways;

She ever first her lover's bosom weighs.

Theocritus complains in the same phrase,

Πᾶς δ' ὑπὸ κόλπε χειρὰς ἔχων, πόθεν ὀίσεται ἀδρεῖ
Ἄργυρον——

Under the bosom each now puts his hand,

To try what money he may gain ——

Mistaken by *Heinsius*, who expounds *manum sub sinu tenere, de iis qui nihil quicquam largiebantur*.

They (saith he) are said to hold their hands in their bosoms who give nothing; but rather they who would know what money they might hope for from any man, *manu supposita sinus eorum ponderabant*, put their hands under their bosom to feel how heavy it was; the ancients carried their money there.

[*A curse take him that was won*

First to doat upon it ——]

Tibullus,

O pereat quicunque legit viridesque Smaragdos,

Et niveam Tyrio murice tingit ovem:

Hic dat avaritiæ causas, et Coa Puellis

Vestis, et è rubro lucida concha mari.

Ah may the man, who digg'd green emeralds first,
And dipt white wool in Tyrian die be curs'd!

Garments from Cos, and orient pearls he brought
From the Red sea, and women avarice taught.

An invention *Tertullian* attributes *peccatoribus angelis*, to the angels that fell.

[————— hence

Springs 'twixt brothers difference, &c.]

Lucian (after a long catalogue of the mischiefs arising by gold) ἐπιβελευνται ἀλλήλοις διὰ ταῦτα, φίλοις φίλοι, πατρᾷσι παῖδες, καὶ γυναῖκες ἀνδράσιν. For this, friends insidiate friends, fathers their children, and wives their husbands. Hear *Marino* upon this subject:

GOLD.

Thou much lov'd cause of all the toils
That wait on life,
Metal whose yellow splendour smiles
Worlds into strife,
More sharp, more deadly, of less worth,
Than is the steel that digs thee forth.

Fool that he was, who took the pains
To loose thy bands,
Sifting the earth's discolour'd veins,
The water's sands,
And freed thee from thy prison, where
Confin'd by pious Nature's care.

A swarm of Furies came along
From hell with thee ;
Deceit, ambition, envy, wrong,
Hate, cruelty ;
And that unsatiable thirst,
Which, where most cherish'd, rageth worst.

For thee the Ocean's ancient peace
The first ship broke;
And on the empire of the seas
Impos'd a yoke;
Boreas with pride the pine beheld,
That scorn'd his breath to court it fell'd.

Churlish dissension's flattering Sire,
Who love untiest,
Distracted kingdoms sets on fire,
And concord flyest,
The plunderer thou mak'st thy prey,
The thief steal'st from himself away.

With gold Love heads the surest dart,
His quiver bears;
Which in the coldest woman's heart,
Impression wears:
Their flinty bosoms never dread
The arrow, that is tipt with lead.

You richest treasures Nature owns,
Can you refuse;
The noblest of affections,
The meanest choose.

Why seek you gems and gold? there are
Gems in your eyes, gold in your hair.

Worth it derives from our esteem,
Thought only bright
By darkened judgments; yet though dim,
Dazzles our sight,
More than the planet of the day,
To whom he owes his sickly ray.

Happy those men who, free from want,
The earth possess'd,
Of wealth yet wisely ignorant,
As that of rest:

They Poverty their treasure priz'd;
And Gold the golden age despis'd.

He that to heaven would take his way,
 Ere he begin,
 Must down this glittering burthen lay,
 This bait of sin ;
 Or its oppressive earthly weight
 Will clog his wings and check his flight.

[ODE XLIX. *And Lyæus, whose shrill flute
 Vies with her harmonious lute.*]

As if the words were (for the text is corrupt)

Λυρικῆς ἄκθε μέσης
 Φιλοπαίγμονος τὲ Βάκχε
 Αεροπνύων ἐναύλων.

The same epithet he gave *Bacchus* before, Ode
 42.

[ODE LIII. *Sons of mirth, your sprightly lays
 Mix with ours, to sound its praise.*]

Reading Συνέταιρε ἄρχε μολπῆς : or something to
 that effect.

EXCITATIONS

UPON BION.

IDYL I. The *Adonidia* (that known feast in honour of *Venus* and *Adonis*, wherein women were sole actors) was kept two days; the first in celebration of their loves, (described by *Theocritus* in that excellent Idyllium;) the scene, a landscape (perhaps in respect to the forest which they frequented;) in it were (*Theocr.*)

Birds of each kind and beasts, green arbours dress'd
With soft dill branches where Loves make their nest,

And like young nightingales that have but now
 New tried their wings, flutter from bough to bough,
 &c.

Here on a rich bed doth *Adonis* lie,
 And lovely *Venus* on another by.

Mr. Sherburn.

Whom after they had carried about the city in
 triumph they honoured with a hymn, such as we
 find there.

On the morrow they solemnized his funerals,
 changing the habits of the images, implied by
Bion,

Venus, no more in purple coverings rest,

Rise cloth'd in black —————

And their postures, that of *Venus* as weeping, that
 of *Adonis* as dead (ὡς νεκρόν), saith *Plutarch*, those
 of the Cupids

————— kept his obsequies,

And strew'd him with their hair ; his bow one kicks,

His shafts another ; this his quiver breaks, &c.

Their own dress also complied with the sorrow of the day (*Theocr.*)

Hair unbound, loose garments, breasts unveil'd. Then they made a general lamentation and cry, which they called *ἄδωνίασμος*, and one sung an elegy (as before a panegyric;) these they named *ἄδωνίδια*, the subject whereof was the death of *Adonis*, and sorrow of *Venus*. Such is this of *Bion*; which may receive further light from the paraphrase of *Ronsard*.

ADONIS.

Ah poor *Adonis*, all my Cupids be
Thy mourners; all my joys are dead with thee!
Had but thy council o'er thy will prevail'd,
Nor thee thy life, nor me thy love had fail'd.
The rose forsakes thy lip, the sweets are fled,
Breath'd in thy kisses; yet I'll kiss thee dead:
Kiss and rekiss thee; but thou neither art
Of kisses sensible, nor of my smart.

Ah poor *Adonis*, all my Cupids be

Thy mourners; all my joys are dead with thee.
The woods in sighs, rivers in tears lament;
Echo in groans her griefs and mine doth vent.
In purple every drooping flower is dress'd,
And mourning garments every field invest.

Ah poor *Adonis*, all my Cupids be

Thy mourners; all my joys are dead with thee.
You his lov'd hounds obsequious to his call,
Couch'd at his feet, lament your master's fall;
Take your eternal leave; then, swift as Fame,
Fly to the woods, and there his death proclaim.

Ah poor *Adonis*, all my Cupids be

Thy mourners; all my joys are dead with thee.
You milk-white doves, which to *Jove's* starry court,
Through fleeting clouds my chariot did transport,
Go mount the heavens, and to the Gods make known,
That all my joys, like faithless dreams, are flown.

Ah poor *Adonis*, all my Cupids be

Thy mourners; all my joys are dead with thee.

You silver swans now from your harness free,
Fly 'bout the painted mead at liberty ;
And to the flowers recount, *Venus* hath shed
As many tears, as drops *Adonis* bled.

Ah poor *Adonis*, all my Cupids be

Thy mourners ; all my joys are dead with thee.
And you, my sister Graces, go and tell
To savage rocks, where beasts more savage dwell ;
Cold in her lap *Cythera's* lover lies ;
And death, like slumber, dwells upon his eyes.

Ah poor *Adonis*, all my Cupids be

Thy mourners ; all my joys are dead with thee.
My sons, on his pale corpse your tresses strew ;
Let each his torch extinguish'd, quiver, bow,
And broken arrows bring ; then, with sad cries
Surrounding me, perform his obsequies.
His eyes, one with his rosy fingers close,
The other, on his arm his head repose ;
This fan the wind upon him with his wing ;
To bathe him ; that fetch water from the spring.

Ah poor *Adonis*, all my Cupids be
Thy mourners; all my joys are dead with thee.
Dear Love, ere thou descend into the deep,
Shake from thy eyes, awhile, this mortal sleep;
Look up a little; hear me but relate
The dismal story of my hapless fate;
Then in a kiss breathe out thy soul in mine,
Whilst I my trembling lips impose on thine;
And drink Love's latest draught; which through
each part,
Like divine nectar, gliding to my heart,
Shall there for ever dwell, instead of thee,
Who minion now to Proserpine must be.
—This said, her body gently she inclines;
And weeping to his lips her lips she joins,
'To catch the relics of his soul not flown;
And kindly gives them burial in her own.

[*Adonis I lament* —————]

In the *Adonidia* the frequent iteration of the *ai*

αἰ and αἰάζω was much affected, as we find by the
versus intercalares, and *Aristophanes*,

————— ἡ γυνὴ δ' οῖχομένη

Αἰ αἰ Ἀδωνὶν φησί—————

Dancing, the woman cries

Alas, Adonis —————

Such kind of songs the Scholiast of *Sophocles*
means, when he interprets αἰλινον, a funeral song,
εἰδὲ θρήνη: the like burden we find in *Æschylus*,
his *Agamemnon*,

*Αἰλινον αἰλινον εἶπε, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

Alas, alas, say, may he victor be.

Hither are referred the lamentations of the Jewish
women for *Thammuz*, Ezek. 8. 15. See Mr. *Selden*
de Diis Syris, 2. 10.

[*Venus, with hair dishevell'd, through the groves,
Frantic, in loose attire and barefoot roves;
About her legs the blood-stain'd brambles cling.*]

Nonnus Dionys 42.

Μέλπε γάμον χαρίεντα Ἀδώνιδος, εἶπε καὶ αὐτὴν
 Ἀυχμηρὴν ἀπέδιλον ἀλωομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
 Νυμφίον ἱχνεύσαν ὀρίδρυμον.

Beauteous *Adonis* marriage, *Venus* sing,
 In loose attire and barefoot following
 Her husband o'er the mountains.

Constantine Cæsar de R. R. II. 18. Adonide occiso (aiunt) Venerem nudis pedibus ingressam esse silvam, ibique spinis compunctam emisisse cruorem; inde Rosam quæ prius esset alba, aspergine contactam cæpisse rubere. When *Adonis* was slain, *Venus* (they say) went barefoot into the wood, and being pricked with brambles, she bled; with which, the rose, before white, sprinkled, began to look red.

[———— her lov'd Assyrian spouse.]

Theocritus, ἄνδρα Κόπριδον, her husband; which the word implies: *Hesychius, Ἀδωνις δεσπότης ὑπὸ*

φοινίκων, *Adonis* in the Phœnician tongue, Lord. The compellation the women in the eastern countries use to their husbands, אָדֹנִי אָדֹנִי, *adon, adoni*.

[————— to thee and Pluto all that's fair
Devolves —————]

As *Vulcanius* reads,

————— τὸ δὲ πᾶν καλὸν ἐς σέ καὶ Ἄδην.

Catullus,

At vobis male sit malæ tenebræ

Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis.

Ill, may it be ill shades below

With you, where all that's fair must go.

But in expounding Ἄδης, *Pluto*, we follow *Phar-nutus De natura Deorum*, Ἄδης is a God named *Pluto* (ὅτι μηδὲν ἔσιν, ὃ μὴ τελευταῖον εἰς αὐτὸν κατὰγεται, καὶ αὐτῷ κλήμα γίνεται), because there is nothing but at last comes to him, and becomes his possession.

[*To elegies our hymeneals turn.*]

Apuleius, *Jam tæda atræ fuliginis cinerem arces-
sit, et sonus tibiæ Zygïæ mutatur in querulum Ly-
dium modum, cantus lætus Hymenæi lugubri finitur
ululatu.* Now the light of the torch is clouded
with smoke, and the sound of the wedding music,
changed into the querulous Lydian strain, the hyme-
neal song ends in howling. *Heliod. 2.* Τὸν ὑμέναιον
ἀδόμενον ἐπὶ διεδέχετο θρῆνον, καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν πασάδων
ἐπὶ τὸ μνήμα παρεπέμπετο, καὶ δαδὲς αἱ τὸ γαμήλιον
ἐκλάμψασαι φῶς, αὐταὶ καὶ τὸ ἐπικηδίων πυρκαϊὰν
ἐξήπλον. The funeral mourning broke off the mar-
riage joys; from her bride-chamber she was sent to
her tomb, and the wedding tapers kindled her fu-
neral pyre.

[*Dry thy eyes, Venus, for to-day, and keep
Some tears in store, for thou next year must weep.*]

Alluding to the annual celebration of this feast,
instituted by *Venus* herself:

Ovid,

*Quæstaque cum fatis, et non tamen omnia vestri
Juris erunt, dixit, luctus monimenta manebunt
Semper Adoni mei, repetitaque mortis imago
Annum plangoris peraget simulamina nostri.*

Not all, said she, is subject to our waste,
Our sorrow's monument shall ever last;
Sweet Boy, thy death's sad image, every year,
Shall in our solemniz'd complaints appear.

M. Sandys.

[IDYL II. *Pursue, saith he, this bird no longer, child;
Fly, 'tis an evil beast —————*]

The same liberty *Aristophanes* takes in his Comedy
of Birds,

Ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸ θηρίον ποτ' εἶ περὶ τῶν θεῶν.

And,

ὦ Ἡρακλῆϊς τέτλι τὸ ποτ' ἐστὶ θηρίον,

Τίς ἢ πτέρωσις.

Nor is *Sophocles* to be understood otherwise, *Philoct.*

*Ουτ' αὖ προλογόνων ἴσως

*Οικῶν ὀδενὸς υστερ',

Πάντων ἄμμορος ἐν Βίῳ

Κεῖται μουν' ἀπ' ἄλλων,

Στικτῶν ἢ λασίων μέτα

Θηρῶν, ἐν τ' ὀδύναϊς ὁμοῖ

Λιμῇ τ' οἰκτρῷ.

He whose birth gives place to none,

Lives in want remote alone ;

Only with rough beasts, and painted,

Hunger and disease acquainted.

That is, amongst birds and beasts, to which interpretation I am led by *Virgil*,

———— *pictæque volucres,*

———— and painted birds.

[IDYL III. *How Pan the pipe* —————]

Πλαγίαυλον *Vulcanius* and the vulgar interpreter render *fistulam obliquam*, whereas it is not meant of a crooked pipe, but because it was sounded

obliquely, that is, at the side, the αὐλὴ or plain pipe directly from the top. *Scaliger Poet* 1. 20. So different is this in number of reeds and fashion from the *Syrinx*, that her story cannot be applied to this place; as by *Ronsard* it is.

*Comme Minerve inventa
Le Haut-bois, qu' elle ietta
Dedans l'eau toute marie :
Comme Pan le Chalumeau,
Qu'il pertuisa du roseau
Formé du corps de s'amie.*

[IDYL V. ————— successive destiny.]

Πολύτροπον : *Versatile*, not *versutum*, as rendered by the common interpreter.

EXCITATIONS

UPON MOSCHUS.

[IDYL I. *If any in the streets Love wandering spied,
He is my runaway, to Venus come,
And have a kiss —————*]

The form of *Præconium* used by the Ancients: *Petronius, Puer in balneo ante aberraverat, annorum circa sedecim, crispus (εὐπλόκαμος) mollis formosus, nomine Gyton, si quis eum reddere aut monstrare voluerit, accipiet nummos mille: A youth was lost lately in the bath, about sixteen years of age, curled haired, soft, fair, by name Gyton; if any*

man will restore or discover him, he shall have a thousand sesterces. *Apuleius* yet more nearly imitates our *Moschus*, lib. 6. *Si quis a fuga retrahere vel occultam demonstrare poterit fugitivam regis filiam Veneris ancillam nominis Psychen, conveniat retro metas Murcias accepturus indicii nomine* (μηνύτρῃς γέρας, *Ulpian* εὐρετρον) *septem savia suavia* (μυσθός τοι τὸ φίλαμα τὸ κύπριδ') *et unum adpulsu blandientis linguæ longo mellitum.* If any man will bring back or discover, the runaway daughter of a king, handmaid to *Venus*, by name *Psyche*, let him repair to the backside of the *Murcian* course, and he shall have for his reward seven kisses, &c.

[*He's eāsy to be known from twenty boys.*]

Corrected by *Heinsius*,

Ἔσι δ' ὁ παῖς περίσαμ', ἐν εἴκοσι παισὶ μάθοις νιν.

[— fair words his treacherous thoughts disguise,
His lips and heart dissent —————]

Cæcilius,

Nam hi sunt inimici pessimi, fronte hilari

*Corde tristi, quos neque ut apprehendas neque ut
mittas scias.*

Glad looks, sad hearts, these are the worst of foes,
And where to have them no man rightly knows.

Lucilius,

Improbior multo quam de qua diximus ante

Quanto blandior hæc, tanto vehementius mordet.

More wicked far than she we nam'd before,

The more she seems to fawn, she bites the more.

Which *Solon* calls, γλῶσσαν διχόμυθον. *Æschylus*
συνδέτερος λόγους; the *Latins*, *Linguam duplicem*, a
double tongue: As *Ecclesiast.* γλῶσσαν καὶ γλῶσσαν:
which the *Hebrews* כְּחִיכִל, *qui aliud clausum in pec-*
tore, aliud promptum in ore, habent. *Cicero.*

[————— like honey sweet

His tongue; in 's mind malice and anger meet.]

Plautus, speaking *De meretricibus*,

*In melle sunt sitæ linguæ vestræ atque orationes,
Lacteque corda in felle sunt sita atque acerbo aceto,
Linguis dulcia dicta datis, corde amare facitis
Amantes.*

Your flattering tongues in milk and honey dipt,
Your hearts in vinegar and gall are steep'd:
Sweet words give those, but bitter actions these.

[————— knavish-look'd.]

Ἰταμὸν πρόσωπον, *Politian* and *Vulcanius* interpret
proterva facies, but it rather implies boldness, as *de*
Oddis renders it in this place,

*Nel volto ei manifesta
Soverchio ardire* ———

And *Grotius*,

——— *nulla est reverentia fronti.*

Not without wantonness, as *Tasso* excellently
paraphraseth it, in his *amore fugitivo*.

Ne la fronte dimostra

Una lascivia audace.

[*And poison'd shafts —————*]

Πικροὶ κάλαμοι, *Theocrit.*

Κέκ ἤδη τὸν ἔρωτα τις ἦν θεός, ἡλίκα τόξα

Χερσὶ κραίει, πῶς πικρὰ βελή ποτὶ παῖδια βάλλει.

What deity Love was, what kind of bow,

What poison'd darts he us'd, he did not know.

We interpret *poisoned* in relation to the 45th Ode of *Anacreon*, or rather to that of *Claudian*.

Labuntur gemini fontes hic dulcis amarus,

Alter et infusus corrumpit mella venenis.

Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

Here flow two fountains, that sweet, bitter this;

Honey with poison hence corrupted is,

Where Cupid, fame reports, his arrows dipp'd.

So *d'Oddis* renders it,

Ha la faretra l'adre

Saette con quai punge

Sovente amaramente a me sua madre.

E tutto amore ed unge,

D'un poco dolce il fiele.

[————— *he doth not spare*

Even me to wound —————]

Apuleius, Metam. 5. Et majoris tuos irreverenter pulsasti toties, et ipsam matrem tuam, me inquam parricida, denudas quotidie. Aristenet. 1. 8. Νῆ τὴν Ἀφροδίτῃν ἀδικᾶσιν οἱ ἔρωτες· ὅμως γε τῷτο σε μὴ σφόδρα λυπείτω· καὶ τὴν ἑαυτῶν ἔτρωσαν ἐκεῖνοι μητέρα.
The Cupids are unjust, &c. they have wounded even their own mother.

[————— *his little torch which fires the sun.*]

Oppian. Cyneg. 2.

Σῶ δὲ μένει καὶ τῇλε περᾶς, ὅσον ἔπυλε λεύσει
Ἥελις φάειδων· σῶ δ' αὖ πυρὶ καὶ φάει εἴκει
Δειμαῖνον.

Thy power extends far as the sun doth shine,
Whose light, as if afraid, gives place to thine.

Nonnus,

Καὶ φλόγερον φαέθοντα κατέφλεγε μείζονι πυρσῷ.

The radiant sun he burns with greater flame.

More ingenious perhaps, but less true is the exposition of *Alamanni*, who by ἄλι☉ here understands θεὸς ἄλι☉, the God of the Sea.

Breve facella ha in man, ch'io vidi spesso

Far nell' acque auuampar Nettuno stesso.

Both are alike included in that old subscription on *Cupid's* statue,

Sol calet igne meo flagrat Neptunus in undis.

The sun and watery Neptune I enflame.

[————— his kisses fly ;

Poison of asps between his lips doth lie.]

Longus, Χειλὴ μὲν ῥοδῶν ἀπαλιώτερα, καὶ σῶμα κηρικῶν γλυκύτερον, τὸ δὲ φίλαμα κενὶ ῥῆ μελίτης πικρότερον.

To the enquiry of *Venus*, *Marino* returns this answer, *Lyr.* 2. *Mad.* 5.

Venus, I hear the other day

Thy son stole from thy lap away ;

And that a kiss thou offer'st those,

Who will the fugitive disclose.

Fair goddess, grieve no more ; he lies

Close lurking in my mistress' eyes ;

Give now the kiss thou promis'd me ;

Or let her do 't ; I'll pardon thee.

[IDYL II. *In night's third quarter near the morn's ascent.*]

The third part of the night, according to the division of the Greeks, is the last, (but the Romans divided it into four) and therefore thought to be

That time which doth all faithful dreams beget,

As we find by *Ovid*, *Horace*, and others ; because then, saith *Dante*,

————— *la mente nostra peregrina*

Piu de la carne, et men dai pensieri,

A le sue vision quasi et divina.

———— the wandering mind
 Doth least to earth, to spirit most incline,
 And in her visions is well-nigh divine.

The vapours being by that time consumed, those dreams are conceived to come from some supernatural cause; whereas on the contrary, (*à vino à cibis proxima vana esse visa*), immediately upon wine or meat they are vain: as *Pliny* 10. 75.

[—— in a high chamber taking rest.]

There the ancients appointed the *Thalami* or bed-chambers of their wives (*ὑπὲρ τῆ δυσενλεύκλης αὐτᾶς εἶ*, *Eustath.*) as not easily accessible: there were the daughters brought up under the tuition of their mothers.

Phocylid.

Παρθενικὴν δὲ φύλασσε πολυκλείστοις θαλαμοῖσι,
 Μηδὲ μιν ἄχρι γάμων πρὸ δόμων ὀφθῆναι ἔατῆς.

Lock'd in her chamber keep a maid, before

Her marriage suffer not to pass the door.

Nonnus, lib. 4.

Παρθενική δ' ἀνέπαλλο κ' ὠμάρησε τεκέσῃ

Εἰς δὸμον αἰπύδμηλον· ἀναπλίσσασα δὲ μήτηρ

Ἐπταμύχην θαλάμοιο πολυσφρέγισον ὀχῆα, &c.

The maid was mov'd, and up the high house goes

After her mother, who the door doth close,

And with one bar the sevenfold room secure.

Achilles Tatius hath a more particular descrip-

tion; Εἶχε δὲ ὁ θαλάμῳ αὐτ' ἔτῳς, &c. The Tha-

lamus was thus contrived: there was a large quarter

divided into four rooms, two on the right hand, and

two on the left; betwixt these a narrow entry, at

the end of which was the door; here dwelt the

women; in the inmost rooms, opposite to each

other, lay *Leucippe* and her mother; in the third

Clio; the fourth kept their provision. *Leucippe's*

mother accompanied her always to bed, and not

only shut the door on the inside, but gave the keys

through a hole to a servant, who locked it also

without, and then returned them the same way.

Hence a virgin before marriage was called παρθένη

ἐκ θαλάμῃς, θαλαμευόμενῳ, in the same sense by
Horace, Matrem sequens,

Tandem desine matrem

Tempestiva sequi viro.

Thy mother now forsake,

A husband fit to take.

[————— to *Telephassa* she,

Wife to her son —————]

Following the correction of *Casaubon*,

῾Οιγε οἱ εἰνυὸς ἔσκεν —————

Apollodorus, Ἀγήνωρ παραγενόμενῳ εἰς τὴν Ἑυρώ-
 πην γαμεῖ Τηλέφασσαν: *Agenor* going over into
 Europe married *Telephassa*. How into Europe
 before *Europa* was born? But of these contradic-
 tions already, on the 35th Ode of *Anacreon*.

[*Inachian Io* —————]

Apposite to *Europa's* basket, as well in respect of
 the dependance of the stories (the one being ravished

in revenge of the other's rape, *Herodot.* 1.) as of their similitude, wittily applied by *Martial*,

Mutari melius tauro pater optime divum

Tunc poteras, Io cum tibi vacca fuit.

Father of gods, thou might'st have chose to be

A bull, when *Io* was a cow for thee.

Whom *Nonnus* thus imitates in the person of insulting *Juno*,

Ζεῦ ἄνα πόρις ἐῖσα κερασφόρῳ ἤμξερόλεν Ἴω,

Ὅτ' ἰ σε μή ποτε τοῖον ἶδεν πόσιν, ὄφρα λοχεύσῃ,

Ἰσοφυῇ τινα ταῦρον ὁμοκραίρῳ παρακοίτῃ.

When *Io* was a heifer (mighty *Jove*)

Why in this shape didst thou not meet her love,

And get an offspring fit for such a pair?

But *Æschylus* makes this jest a serious part of the story; whose relation, because something different from that of *Ovid*, and extremely corrupt in the text, receive thus restored.

κο. Κλειδῶχον Ἥρας φασὶ δωμάτων ποτὲ

Ἰὼ μιγέσθαι τῇ δ' ἐν ἀργείᾳ χθονὶ

Ζῆν', ὡς μάλισα καὶ φάτις πολλὴ κρατεῖ.

βα. Μὴ καὶ λόγῳ τις Ζῆνα μιχθῆναι βροτῶ;

κο. Καὶ κρυπλά γ' Ἦρας ταῦτα τῶν παλαισμάτων.

βα. Πῶς οὖν τελευτᾷ βασιλέων νείκη ταδε;

κο. Βοῦν τῇν γυναῖκα ἔδθηκεν ἀργεῖα θεός.

βα. Ὅυκοῦν πελάζει Ζεὺς ἐπ' εὐκραίρῳ βοί;

κο. Φασὶ τρέποντα βεβόρω τάυρῳ δέμας.

βα. Τὶ δῆτα πρὸς ταῦτ' ἄλοχος σχληρὰ Δίῳ;

κο. Τὸν πάνθ' ὀρῶντα φύλακ' ἐπέστησε βοί.

βα. Ποῖον πανόπλην οἰόβελον λέγεις;

κο. Ἀργὸν τὸν Ερμῆς παῖδα γῆς κατέκτανε.

βα. Τὶ οὖν ἔτευξεν ἄλλο δυσπότημῳ βοί;

κο. Βοηλάτην μύωπα κινήτηριον.

Οἷσρον καλῶσιν αὐτὸν οἱ Νεῖβε πέλας.

βα. Τοι γάρ νιν ἐκ τῆς ἡλασεν μακρῷ δρόμῳ.

κο. Καὶ ταῦτ' ἔλεξας πάντα συγκόλλως ἐμοί.

βα. Καὶ μὴν Κανώβον καπὶ Μέμφιν ἵκετο;

κο. Καὶ Ζεὺς γ' ἐφάπλω χειρὶ φυτεύει γόνον.

βα. Τὶ οὖν ὁ δῖος πόρις εὐχεται βοός;

κο. Ἐπαφῶ αἰληθῶν ῥυσίων ἐπώνυμο.

Λιβυκῆς μέγιστον τῆς δε γῆς καρπέμεν.

The sum of all this is, *Io*, priestess of *Juno*, was deflowered by *Jupiter*, and by the incensed goddess turned to a Cow; *Jupiter* in the shape of a bull deceives his wife's care, re-enjoying his mistress; hereupon *Juno* appoints *Argus* her guardian; *Mercury* kills him; the Cow, tormented by a fly from *Juno*, in that fury crosseth the sea to *Canopus* and *Memphis*, and was there delivered of *Epaphus*.

[Upon the highest point of land ———]

Ἐπ' ὄφρυ' αἰγιαλοῖο, upon the eyebrow of the shore. Ὀφρυς signifies (τά κρημνώδη καὶ τραχέα τῶν ὄρων καὶ ἔ παρσιν ὑπερηφάνιαν) proclivity, ruggedness of mountains, and eminent height. *Hesych*.

[Out of whose purple blood a bird doth rise,
Proud of his various flowery plumes ———]

Achilles Tatius, lib. 1. The peacock spreading his train among the flowers, seemed to contest not only with the rest of the birds, but with the flowers; indeed his feathers were flowers: ἦν ἄνθη πτερῶν; which (pursuing the same elegance) he presently after calls λειμῶνα πτερῶν, the meadow of his wings.

Phile,

Λειμῶν γὰρ ἐστὶν ἡ γραφὴ τῶν ἀνθέων.

His train a meadow represents.

[————— his tail

He spreadeth like a swift ship under sail.]

Phile,

Κανάπαλιν αὐτὸς ἐσιῶν ἐκ τῆς θεας,

Πτέρωσιν αὐτῷ τὴν κατόπιν ὑπανιστάνει.

Then he invites the eye again,

Displaying like a sail his train.

[*All at the painted field arrive, where these
With several flowers their several fancies please.
One sweet Narcissus plucks, &c.*]

Imitated by *Claudian* upon a like occasion, the
Rape of *Proserpine*,

*Pratorum spoliatur honos; hæc lilia fuscius,
Intexit violis, hanc mollis Amaracus ornat;
Hæc graditur stellata rosis, hæc alba ligustris,
Te quoque flebilibus mærens Hyacinthe figuris
Narcissumque metunt* —————

The meadow's pride is rifled; lilies some
With violets twist; these deck'd with marjoram;
That starr'd with roses, this white jesmines wears,
Thee, hyacinth, stain'd with sad characters,
Narcissus too they pluck —————

Marino supplies his omission of the basket in his
description of the flowers:

Along the mead *Europa* walks
To choose the fairest of its gems,
Which plucking from their slender stalks,
She weaves in fragrant diadems.

Where'er the beauteous virgin treads,
The common people of the field,
To kiss her feet bowing their heads,
Homage as to their goddess yield.

'Twixt whom ambitious wars arise,
Which to the queen shall first present
A gift Arabian spice outvies,
The votive offering of their scent.

When deathless *Amaranth*, this strife,
Greedy by dying to decide,
Begs she would her green thread of life,
As love's fair destiny, divide.

Pliant *Acanthus* now the vine,
And ivy enviously beholds,
Wishing her odorous arms might twine
About this fair in such strict folds.

The violet, by her foot opprest,
Doth from that touch enamour'd rise,
But losing straight what made her blest,
Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia to new devotion won,
Doth now her former faith deny,
Sees in her face a double sun,
And glories in apostacy.

The gillyflower, which mocks the skies,
(The meadow's painted rainbow) seeks
A brighter lustre from her eyes,
And richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund flower-de-luce appears,
Because neglected, discontent;
The Morning furnish'd her with tears;
Her sighs expiring odours vent.

Narcissus in her eyes, once more,
Seems his own beauty to admire;
In water not so clear before,
As represented now in fire.

The Crocus, who would gladly claim
A privilege above the rest,
Begs with his triple tongue of flame,
To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth, in whose pale leaves
The hand of Nature writ his fate,
With a glad smile his sigh deceives
In hopes to be more fortunate.

His head the drowsy Poppy rais'd,
Awak'd by this approaching morn,
And view'd her purple light amaz'd,
Though his, alas, was but her scorn.

None of this aromatic crowd,
 But for their kind death humbly call,
 Courting her hand, like martyrs proud,
 By so divine a fate to fall.

The royal maid th' applause disdains
 Of vulgar flowers, and only chose
 The bashful glory of the plains,
 Sweet daughter of the spring, the rose.

She, like herself, a queen appears,
 Rais'd on a verdant thorny throne,
 Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
 A purple robe, a golden crown.

[*In a Bull's shape* —————]

Europa, according to *Lycophron*, was carried away in a ship on whose prow was figured a Bull, ἐν ταυρομορφῷ τράμπιδι τυπώματι. But the fable

seems rather to be grounded upon the homonymy of the Phœnician word *Alpha*, signifying both a Bull and ship: observed by *Bochartus*.

[*Yellow o'er all his body is diffus'd, &c.*

His horns with equal length rise from his head,

Like the moon's orb, to half a circle spread.]

Achilles Tattius, lib. 2. The Egyptian Bull is excellent not only for largeness but colour, big every way; thick necked, broad shouldered, square backed, full bellied. His horns, not as the Sicilian, short, nor as the Cyprian, misshapen, but rising first straight from his brow, then bending by degrees, and at the top of equal distance with the bottom; resembling the moon almost at full. Their colour the same with that *Homer* praiseth in the horses of Thrace; agreeing more exactly with *Moschus* II. ψ.

Ὅς τὸ μὲν ἄλλο τόσον φοῖνιξ ἦν, ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ

Λευκὸν σῆμ' ἐτέτυκτο περὶ τροχὸν ἥύτε μῆνη.

Yellow his body was all o'er, but on
 His forehead, like the Moon, a white mark shone.
 He lifts up his neck as he walks, to shew that he
 is king of the herd; if the story of *Europa* be true,
Jupiter took the figure of an Egyptian Bull.

Horace,

*Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes,
 Tertium Lunæ deferentis ortum,
 Quæ notum duxit niveus videri,
 Cætera fulvus.*

His brow the horn'd fires imitates,
 The moon three quarters old dilates,
 On which a milk-white mark imprest,
 Yellow the rest.

Ingeniously *Gongora*, *Soledad*. 1.

—— *el mentido robador d'Europa
 Media Luna las armas de su frente
 Y el sol' todos los rayos de su pelo.*

—— fair *Europa's* disguis'd ravisher
 His brow arm'd with a crescent, with such beams
 Encompass'd as the sun unclouded streams.

[*His brighter eyes with amorous sparkles glow.*]

In distinction (as we before observed upon *Anacreon*) from that sparkling which proceeds from anger: excellently exprest by *de Tarsis* in his *Europa*:

————— *los claros oios*

Simulacro del fuego que respira.

————— in his bright eyes

Sparkles that fire which in his bosom lies.

[————— *Tritons on each side*

The people of the main about him throng,

And sound with their long shells a nuptial song.]

Confirmed by *Nonnus*,

Τρίτων δ' ἡπεροπῆα Διὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκέων

Ἀντίτυπον Κρονίωνι μέλῳ μυκήσατο κόχλῳ,

Ἀελδῶν ὑμέναιον —————

Triton to Jove's counterfeit bellowings,

Makes answer with his hollow shell, and sings

A nuptial hymn —————

Lucian, Το, τε, τριτώνων γένος, καὶ εἴ τι ἄλλο μη φοβερὸν ἰδεῖν τῶν θαλαπλίων, ἅπαντα περιχόρευε τὴν παῖδα. The *Tritons*, and all other not formidable creatures of the sea, danced round about the Maid. And by *Seneca* in *Troad*:

————— *immota jacent*

Tranquilla pelagi, ventus abjecit minas,

Placidumque fluctu murmurat leni mare,

Triton ab alto cecinit hymenæum choro.

————— the quiet main

Becalmed lies, the winds their rage restrain,

The smooth seas move with gentle murmurings,

And Triton thence a hymeneal sings.

M. Sherburne.

Achilles Tatius upon a like occasion, *lib.* 7. Ἐμοὶ μὲν ὑμέναιον ᾄδειν (the text hath ἀγεῖν, nor is it reformed by *Salmasius*) δοκεῖ τὰ τῶν ἀνέμων αὐλήματα: the loud music of the winds seemed to me to sound a nuptial song.

[*With one hand holding fast the bull's long horn.*]

Which *Ovid* saith was the right, but *Manilius* the left: and *Lucian*, Τῇ λαιᾷ μὲν εἵχετο τῷ κέρατι, ὥς μὴ απολιθάνοι· τῇ ἐτέρᾳ (imitating our *Moschus*) δὲ ἡνεμωμένον τὸν πέπλον ζυνεῖχε, with her left hand she held the horn to keep her from falling, with the other plucked up her flowing garment. So *Achilles Tatius*, Τῇ λαιᾷ τῷ κέρως ἐχομένη ὥσπερ ἡνιοχος χαλινῷ. Holding in her left hand the horn, as a coachman the reins; from whom perhaps *Nonnus* borrowed the similitude,

Χερσὶ κέρασ κρᾶλέεσσα, καὶ εἰ χαλέεσσα χαλινῷ.

Her hand the horn guides, nor a bridle needs.

[*Her mantle flowing o'er her shoulder swell'd,
Like a full sail* —————]

Nonnus,

Πηδάλιον κέρασ ἔχε, καὶ ἱμερῷ ἔπλετο νάυλης;

Καὶ δολόεις Βορέας γαμῖη δεδονημένῳ ἄυρη,

Φᾶρος ἴλον κόλπωσε δυσίμερῳ —————

The horn her rudder, Love her pilot was,
And like a false rude lover Boreas

Ruffled her garments —————

*Achilles Tatiüs, Ἡ δὲ δίκην ἐπικάθητο τῷ ταυρῷ
πλεῖσθης νηὸς ὥσπερ ἐὶ τῷ πέπλῳ ἱστῷ χρωμένη. She*
sat on the bull's back as in a ship, her mantle sup-
plying the office of the sail.

Marino,

————— *del animata nave*

Era temone il corno e vela il velo

Che 'ngravidato e gonfio

Di placid' aura e di secondo vento

La portava veloce.

————— of th' animated ship

His horn the helm, her scarf the sail,

Which swelling with a prosperous gale,

Made by their speed their passage short,

And brought their charge to the wish'd port.

Imitating de Tarsis,

Mas la Ninfa Vorando

Con aurea vela el pielago cortando

Sin alma viene en la animada nave

Cuyo ciego piloto

Es el amor y el mismo amor el voto

Con tan feliz timon feliz navio

Ya de sospiros favorable viento

A su farol conduze a salvamiento.

Through the plough'd sea the lifeless maid

Was by the living ship convey'd:

Love their blind pilot, sighs their wind,

Soon reach'd the port, which Jove design'd.

[*The seas are pervious to swift ships alone,
But not to bulls is their fear'd voyage known,
What food is here?—————*]

Borrowed by Nonnus,

Μὴ πλωτὴν Κρονίδης τελέει χθόνα, μὴ διὰ πόντε

Ἵγρὸς ἀλιβρέκλιοι χαράσσεται ὄλκῳ αἰμάξης,

Παπλάινω κατὰ κύμα νότον πλόον.

The earth not navigable, nor the main
 Made *Jove* to bear th' impression of a wain;
 I a strange voyage go.

And

————— εἰ δέ κε Νηρεὺς
 Βεκόλῳ, εἰ Πρωτεύς ἀρότης, εἰ Γλαῦκῳ ἄλωεὺς,
 'Ουχ' ἔλῳ εἰ λειμῶνες ἐν οἷδμασιν.

————— *Nereus* doth not feed
 Oxen, nor *Proteus* sow, nor *Glaucus* grind,
 Nor springs nor meadows in the deep we find.

[— whose feet like oars assist thy haste.]

Seneca, imitating *Moschus*,

Fronte nunc torva petulans juvencus

Virginum stravit sua terga ludo

Perque fraternos nova regna fluctus

Ungula lentos imitante remos

Pectore adverso domuit profundum

Pro sua vector timidus rapina.

A wanton rough-brow'd bull doth now
 His back to sportive virgins bow ;
 His brother's waves then boldly tries,
 (New realms) and his feet oar-like plies,
 Fearful alone for his fair prize.

M. Sherburn.

Oppian. Cyneg. 2.

Ποσσὶ μὲν οἷα πλάταισιν ἐρέσσειν μέλαν ὕδωρ,

With feet like oars they the dark waves divide.

Callimachus, Epigr. 6. and others, ἐρέσων ποσσίν.

[————— *the flowers their bed did make.*]

By *Nonnus* termed Ἀμφίπολοι Κρονίων, the handmaids of *Jupiter*; at the marriage of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, their office was, *rosis et cæteris floribus purpurare omnia*, to deck every thing with roses and other flowers. *Apuleius*. *Metam.* lib. II.

[*She, late a virgin, spouse to Jove became.*]

Or, as *Lycophron* will have it, Κρήτης Ἀσέρῳ στρατηλάτῃ, to *Asterius* king of *Crete*, saith *S. Augustine*. *Xanthus*, *Cujus*, saith he, *apud alios aliud nomen invenimus*, by others named otherwise. Here she was honoured with a public festival, Ἑλλώτια, in which *Hesychius* (as some doubt) is not mistaken. *Athenæus* witnessing, *lib. 15*. *Europa* was termed Ἑλλώτις.

[*Brought him forth sons —————*]

Minos, *Radamanthus* (ἄγαθὸι βασιλεῖς *Cretensium*, as *Plato*) and *Sarpedon*; a fourth there was, named by *Hesychius* Καρυὸς, by the scholiast of *Theocritus* Καρυῖς, perhaps amiss; it being the surname of *Apollo* who fell in love with him.

IDYL III. The inscription of this Idyllium is, the Epitaph of *Bion*, Βεκὸς ἐρωλικῶς, the pastoral poet: rudely rendered, *Bubulci amatoris*: for *Theocritus*

himself, father of the Greek pastorals, is cited by the appellation of the Βακόλλος, as *Homer* by that of ‘*the poet*.’

[*Mourn, and your grief, ye groves, in soft sighs breathe,
Ye rivers drop in tears for Bion's death.*]

Moschus (who throughout this idyllium studies no less to imitate than to praise *Bion*, and to allude to several pieces of his, perhaps oftener than we can gather from those few that are left) borrows this from the epitaph on *Adonis*, (which he takes for pattern more particularly than the rest.)

Ὄρεα πάντα λέγῃσι καὶ αἱ δρύες, αἱ τὸν Ἄδωνιν.

Καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαίῃσι τὰ πένθεα τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας,

Καὶ παγαὶ τὸν Ἄδωνιν ἐν ὕρῃσι δακρύοντι.

Mountains and oaks, *ah poor Adonis* cry;

Rivers *Cythera's* miseries resent,

And fountains young *Adonis' loss* lament.

The decorum that *Bion* here observes, suiting the mountains with a word proper to sighs, the rivers

with an expression implying tears, is with no less caution preserved by *Moschus*, though through want of right pointing it hath not been taken notice of; for I suppose the verses ought thus to be distinguished:

Ἄιλινάμοι σοναχεῖτε νάπαι· καὶ δώριον υδωρ

Καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαίειτε τὸν ἡμερόεντα Βίωνα.

Nothing more frequent even with the moderns.

Marino,

—— *sospiran l'aure e pianser l'acque*,

—— *the winds sigh'd, the waters wept.*

[*In purple mourn anemony and rose.*]

Bion,

Ἄνθεα δ' ἐξ ὀδύνας ἐρυθραίνονται ———

Flowers are with grief turn'd purple ———

[*Flowers fade ———*]

Bion,

Ὡς τῆν' ὅτε θνακε καὶ ἄνθεα πάντ' ἐμαράνθη.

Not any flower but with his life did fade.

[*Thee Galatea wails, whom heretofore*

Thy songs delighted sitting on the shore.]

Doubtless he alludes to some piece of *Bion* not extant with us; perhaps to that whereto this fragment belongs;

Αυτὰρ ἐγὼν βὰς εὖ καὶ ἐμὰν ὁδὸν, ἐς τὸ κάτανλεις

Τῇνο ποτὶ ψάμαθόν τε καὶ ἡίονα ψιθυρίσδω,

Λισσόμεν Γαλάτειαν ἀπῆνεα, τὰς δὲ γλυκείας

Ελπίδας ὑσατίω μέχρι γῆρα ἐκ ἀπολείψω.

To some steep cliff, that totters from the shore,

I'll go, and turning to the deep implore

With rural songs relentless Galate;

Sweet hope I will not leave, till life leave me.

[*Thee Venus did beyond the kiss prefer,*

Which from Adonis dying she receiv'd.]

He reflects upon that in *Adonis's* epitaph,

Ἐγρεο τυτθὸν Ἀδωνι, τὸ δ' αὖ πύμαλόν με φίλασον.

Τεσθτόν με φίλασον ὅσον ζῶει τὸ φίλαμα.

Ἄχρισ ἀπὸ ψυχῆς εἰς ἐμὸν σόμα κ' εἰς ἐμὸν ἥπαρ
 Πνεῦμα τεὸν ρεύσῃ, τὸ δὲ σεῦ γλυκὺ φίλτρον ἀμέλξω,
 Ἐκ δὲ πίω τὸν ἔρωτα —————

Adonis, wake so short a while to give
 A dying kiss, but while a kiss may live,
 Thy fleeting spirit to my breast bequeath,
 And I will suck Love's nectar in thy breath;
 Thy love I'll drink —————

Nor doth *Moschus* in this elegy imitate *Bion* more
 than *Virgil* borrows from *Moschus*, as,

[*Mourn, and your grief, ye groves, in soft sighs breathe,
 Ye rivers drop in tears for Bion's death.*]

Virgil, *Ecl.* 10.

*Illum etiam lauri, etiam flevire myricæ:
 Pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe jacentem
 Mænalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycæi.*

For him, laid at the foot of some lone rock,
 Green laurels, myrtles, Mænalus that bears
 Tall pines, and cold Lycæan cliffs shed tears.

[————— the heifers, that late sought
The bull, lament, and let their meat alone.]

Virgil, Eclog. 6.

————— nulla neque amnem
Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.

————— no beast one drop
Of water sipp'd, or blade of grass would crop.

[Echo 'mongst rocks her silence doth deplore,
Nor words (now thine are stopp'd) will follow more.]

Here, Ursinus observes, *μυεῖται* answers does in
that of Virgil.

Formosam resonare doces Amarillida silvas.

Taught woods fair Amarillis to resound.

[Thetis' great son —————]

Virgil,

————— nunc quantus Achilles.

————— how great Achilles was.

Both perhaps alluding to his stature and bigness, (if this seem not too nice) wherein he excelled all the Greeks, and is therefore (as *Parrhasius* observes) called by *Lycophron* εἰνάπηχυς, nine cubits high: so *Philostratus* in the description of his image, ὑπερφυῆς δὲ τὸ σῶμα ἐφαίνετο, αἰξήθεις δὲ ῥᾶον ἢ τὰ πρὸς ταῖς πηγαῖς δένδρα. He seemed extraordinary tall, growing faster than trees by rivers. The reason why such as were of eminent stature usually derived themselves from him; *Heliodor.* lib. 4. Αναφέρει δὲ αὐτὸν εἰς Ἀχιλλέα πρόγονον, καὶ μοι ἐπαληθεύειν ἔοικεν, εἰ δεῖ τῷ μεγέθει καὶ τῷ κάλλει τῷ νεανίᾳ τεκμαίρεσθαι πισωμένῳ τὴν Ἀχίλλειον εὐγένειαν. He boasts himself descended from *Achilles*, and I believe it true, if by the bigness and beauty of the young man we may guess at his pedigree. This *Achilles* himself in his apparition to *Apollonius* would confirm, where from five cubits he presently grew up to eleven, *Philostrat.* lib. 4. cap. 5.

[*Above her Hesiod Ascrea thee laments ;
Less Pindar by Bæotian woods is lov'd.*]

Virgil,

*Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes,
Nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea.
Nor so in Phœbus joy Parnassian spires,
Nor Rhodope her Orpheus so admires.*

And *Claudian* in *Epithal. Honor. et Mar.*

*Te Leda mallet quam dare Castorem,
Præfert Achilli te proprio Thetis,
Victum fatetur Delias Apollinem,
Credit minorem Lydia Liberum.
Thee Leda wish'd ('fore Castor) hers ;
Thetis t' Achilles thee prefers ;
Delus Apollo doth confess,
And Lydia her Lieus less.*

IDYL IV. In the Greek copy *Megara* (the name of the person who begins the dialogue) by mistake is worn into the title.

[*I met in marriage with a noble mate.*]

So she boasts in *Euripides*,

—— καὶ μὲν ἔδωκε παιδὶ σὼν Ἐπισήμονι.

—— and gave me to thy noble son.

Though derided by *Lycus*,

Σὺ δ' ὡς ἀρίστου φιλῶς ἐκλήθης δαμαρ.

Thou of the noblest man the wise art call'd.

[————— *Diana who our sex commands.*]

Alcæus,

Ἀρτεμιν ἅ γυναικῶν μέγ' ἔχει κράτος

Diana who o'er women rules.

Æschylus, supplic.

Ἀρτεμιν δ' ἐκάταν γυναι —————

κῶν λόχους ἐφορεύειν.

Diana who protects

The female sex.

[*The manly heart his breast contains, of stone,
Or steel is fram'd —————*]

Valiant, strong, patient of labour; in which sense
Quintus Smyrnæus attributes a heart of iron, σιδῆρεον
 ἦτορ, to *Sinon*.

Horace,

Illi robur et æs triplex

Circa pectus erat qui fragilem truci

Commisit pelago ratem

Primus.

With oak, and threefold brass,

His stout heart guarded was,

Who on rough billows durst

His frail bark venture first.

Though commonly taken for ἀπηνῆ, ἀμείλικλον,
 cruel, unmerciful.

[*But grieve not, daughter, these the heavenly powers*
Sent not —————]

An extenuation from the cause; only the heaviest
 misfortunes were imputed to *Jupiter* or *Fate*; So-

phocles Trachin: (yet he speaks of the same which *Alcmena* here mentions;)

Πολλὰ δὲ πῆματα κοινοπαθῆ.

Κεῖδέν τ' ἔτων ὅτι μὴ Ζεύς.

Afflictions infinite we prove;

And none of these but sent by Jove.

Where the scholiast, διὰ τὴν ἐιμαρμένην, from fate.
Æschylus,

Ἡ μοῖρα τέτον' ὦ τέκνον παραιΐα.

Fate, my son, was cause of these.

The least were imputed to fortune.

Στρέφει δὲ πάντα τὰν βίῳ μικρὰ τύχη.

Fortune all lesser things in life directs.

[————— lov'd daughter.]

Ἐμὸν θάλαττον, a metaphor from plants, ῥίζη τῆς οἰκῆς ἀνὴρ, θάλαττον υἱός, the man is the root of his house, children the branches. Frequent with *Pindar*, *Euripides*, &c. *Aristotle*, Γογεῖς μὲν οὖν τέκνα

φιλεῖσιν ὡς ἑαυτοῖς, &c. Parents love their children as themselves; they are their other selves: children their parents as issuing from them; brethren one another as derived from the same stock, for this relative identity (ἡ πρὸς ἐκεῖνα ταυτότης) makes several persons mutually the same; this they call blood, root, and the like, &c.

[————— him ten long months before
I ever saw, near to my heart I bore.]

The story is known. His birth was so long put off by *Juno*, that *Eurystheus* might have the precedence of birth, and consequently of command. Thence called δεκάμηνος by *Theocritus*, Idyl 24.

[————— with a pickax in his hand.]

Μάκελα. So named as having but one tooth, the δίκελλα two: the figure of this instrument see in the Doric Lexicon of *Portus*.

[— round about he rolls his sparkling eyes.]

An extraordinary property in *Hercules*. *Tzetzes, Chil. Eurip.*

Ἰδέτε πατὴρὸς ὡς γοργωπὸς, αἱ δὲ προσφερεῖς,

Ομμάτων αὐγὰι —————

How stern your father looks, behold; his eyes

Shoot fire —————

[— but on *Eurystheus* may they light,

Averted from our house —————]

They had an opinion, they might not only divert any ill from themselves, but retort it upon their enemies by saying, εἰς κεφαλὴν σοι, on thy head, or the like. Examples are frequent. *Seneca Consol. ad Mart. Quis non si admoneatur ut de suis cogitet, tanquam dirum omen respuat, et in capita inimicorum aut ipsius intempestivi monitoris abire illa jubeat?*

[IDYL V. *But when the billows roar, when they grow white
With breaking on each other, and swell high.*]

Κύματα μακρά; happily so supplied by *Vulcanius*, in which sense *magnum mare* with the Latins, a tempest.

Catullus,

————— *veluti minuta magno*

Deprensa navis in mari vesaniente vento.

Et *Æneid* 5.

————— *dum per mare magnum*

Italiam sequimur fugientem et volvitur undis.

————— through troubled seas the coast

Of Italy we seek, on rough waves tost.

Where *Servius* interprets *magnum, procellosum*; unjustly reproved by *Dousa* (in *Catullum*;) for the emphasis relates to the danger and tempestuousness, not to the wideness of the sea. In which sense, *lib.* 4.

Troia per undosum peteretur classibus æquor?

Would'st thou seek Troy through the tempestuous sea?

[*Then trees and safer land best please my mind.*]

Horace,

Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum

Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi

Laudat rura sui.

The merchant, when fierce winds with seas

Contest; afraid, commends the ease

His country village yields ——— ———

[*A dangerous life a fisher leads, to float*

For so small purchase in his house a boat.]

Oppian, Hal. I.

Δέρρασι δ' ἐν βαιοῖσιν ἀελλάων θεράποντες,

Πλαζόμενοι, καὶ θυμὸν ἐν ὀιδμασιν αἰὲν ἔχοντες,

Ἄει μὲν νεφέλην ἰοειδέα παπταίνουσιν.

Slaves to a storm they rove in some small bark;

Their minds on seas, their eyes the blue clouds mark.

But more largely he hath in a manner paraphrased
this Idyllium, *lib. 5.*

Γαῖα φίλη θρέπτειρα, σὺ μὲν τέκες ἡδ' ἐκόμισσας
 Φορβῇ χερσαίῃ, &c.

Dear earth, my nurse, who bear'st and doth relieve me
 With native food, in thy kind arms receive me,
 Whene'er my fatal day arrives; may seas
 Be mild, and I on land Neptune appease:
 Nor to a little bark my safety trust,
 Observing clouds, and every changing gust:
 No horror like tempestuous waves; no woe,
 No toil like that poor sailors undergo;
 When on the roaring deep's rough back they ride;
 One humid death not serves; they must provide
 A feast for hungry guests, and in the grave
 Of their dark maws unburied burial have.
 The mother of such miseries I fear;
 From land I greet thee, Sea, but come not near.

[IDYL VI. *Learn this, disdainful lover, would'st thou be
 Belov'd of those thou lov'st? love who love
 thee.*]

Seneca, Epist. 9. Ego tibi demonstrabo amatorium sine medicamento, sine herba, sine ullius veneficii carmine; si vis amari, ama. I will teach thee what will procure love, without potion, herb, or charm; if thou wouldest be beloved, love.

Martial, and from him Ausonius,

——— *Marce, ut ameris, ama.*

——— Love (Marcus) that thou may'st be lov'd.

Claudian,

————— *non extorqueris amari,*

Hoc alterna fides, hoc simplex gratia donat.

————— thou shalt not ravish love,

That mutual faith, and native kindness love.

Achilles Tat. gives the reason, lib. 1. Θέλει γὰρ ἐκάσῃ τῶν παρθένων εἶναι καλὴν, καὶ φιλεμένην χαίρει, καὶ ἐπαινεῖ τῆς μαρτυρίας τὸν φιλοῦντα. For every maid would be fair, is pleased with being loved, and commends her lover for his testimony. And *Xenophon, Ὡς μὲν οὖν ἐπὶ τὸ φιλεῖσθαι δοκεῖ ἡμῖν ἔλθειν, τῷτο πειράσομαι διηγῆσθαι, &c.* I will tell you

how (*Cyrus*) as I conceive came to be beloved; first he took all occasions to manifest the general kindness and humanity of his soul. Considering that it is not easy to love them who seem to hate, or to affect the disaffected; nor on the other side, can any hate those who are known to love them. *Boccace* in a novel, to this effect, 9. 9. *Tu sai che tu non ami persona et gli honori et servigi liquali tu fai, gli fai non per amore che tu ad altri porti, ma per pompa; ama adunque et sarai amato.* Thou knowest thou lovest no man; the honours and courtesies thou conferrest, proceed not from love, but vain-glory. Love then, and thou wilt be loved.

[IDYL VII. *Hesper* belov'd, *Cythera's* golden light.] .

So *Catullus*, *Seneca*, *Claudian*, &c. *Synesius* in the same words.

Και χεῦσε ἔσπερ

Κυθέρῃ ἀστήρ.

And golden Hesper, fair
Cythera's star.

[———— lovers should be lov'd again.]

Plautus,

*Is amabat meretricem natam Athenis Aticis,
Et illa illum contra, qui est amor cultu optimus.*

Theocritus,

Ἀλλήλῃς δ' ἐφίλασαν Ἴσω ζυγῶ, ἣ ρὰ τοί' ἦσαν
Χρύσειοι πάλαι ἄνδρες, ὅκ' ἀντεφίλασ' ὁ φιλαθεὶς.

[IDYL VIII. *From Pisa cross the sea Alpheus strays,
And with his olive-fertile stream conveys
To Arethuse leaves —————*]

In the Anthology,

Ἰμερόεις Ἀλφεῖε Διὸς κοτινήφορον ὕδωρ, &c.

Lovely Alpheus, Jove's crown-bearing tide,
Who muddy, through Pisæan fields, dost glide;
Gentle at first, till thou the sea attain,
Then swiftly fall'st into the boundless main.

And like a bridegroom, eager of the chase,
 Break'st through to Arethusa's cool embrace:
 Whom tir'd, and panting, kindly she receives,
 Wipes off thy foam, and the sea's briny leaves;
 Applies her dewy lips to thine, and rocks thee
 Asleep, whilst in her arms she sweetly locks thee.

[————— *leaves—flowers.*]

Achilles Tatius, lib. 1. At the Olympic feasts every one throws several things into the river, which he straight carries to his beloved, and these are (*ἔδνα τῆ ποταμῆς*) the presents of the amorous stream.

[————— *sacred ashes* —————]

Yearly on the nineteenth day of February the Aruspices carried ashes out of the Prytanæum to the altar of *Jupiter Olympius*, and steeping them in water, besmeared the altar therewith. It was afterwards decreed by the laws of the sacrifice, that no water but that of this river should be employed to this use. *Porphyrus Sacrif.* lib. 1.

[EPIGRAM. — good weather, Jove —]

By *Vulcanius* corrected, πλῆσον ἄρούρας.

Torelli,

Onde a Giove rivolto, queste amiche

Piagge a Clori orna tu di bionde spiche

Tu, disse, le feconda, et se nol fai,

Solto altra Europa novo toro andrai.

EXCITATIONS

UPON CUPID CRUCIFIED.

Lipsius de cruce. 1. 5. There are two kind of crosses, simple and compact; the first, when to one single piece of wood there is affixion or infixion; which cross as I conceive was the first; from this rude kind they came afterwards to the other; at first tying or fastening the offender to a tree or piece of wood, as in the Cupid crucified of *Ausonius*. *Morellus*, upon *Alciat*, hints a divine application of this Idyllium: *quod si quis φιλόχριστος ad pium studium transferre volet audiat beatissimum Martyrem*

ισάποστολον. *Ignatium in aurea Epistola de salutis nostræ authore exclamantem, ὁ ἔρως μὲ ἐσαύρωται.*

[*In th' airy fields —————*]

The reason why they were so called (perhaps) that of *Plato* implies, in *Phædone*, Ὅπερ ἡμῖν τὸ ὕδωρ καὶ ἡ θάλαττά ἐστι πρὸς τὴν ἡμετέραν χρεῖαν, τῷτο ἐκεῖ τὸν ἄερα: ὃ δὲ ἡμῖν ἀήρ, τῷτο ἐκεῖ τὸν αἰθέρα. Because what to our use is water and sea, is there air; what to us is air, is there sky.

[*And past occasions of their deaths relate.*]

I rather choose to retain the old reading, *ferebant*, than changing the sense with others to admit *gerēbant* (in relation to the instruments they carried;) confirmed by a fragment of *Pindar* cited by *Plutarch*, *an recte dictum sit*, λάθρε βιώσας. Διαλριβὰς ἔχουσι ἐκ μνήμαις καὶ λόγοις τῶν γεγονότων καὶ ὄντων παραπεμπόντες αὐτὰς καὶ συνόντες. They pass their time (in the Elysian fields) in remembering and re-

counting things past and present, in invitations and mutual conversation.

Malfatti follows the same interpretation.

Ne i mesti campi dove i viridi myrti

Fanno la selva ombrosa, ch' in se chiude

Gl'innamorati et infelici spirti

Eran l'alme ch'in se fur' empie et crude

Per troppo amar altrui, si ch' anzi tempo

De la spoglia mortal restaro ignude

E la memoria del passato tempo

Rinovando, mostrava ciascheduna

Come è, perche mori cosi per tempo.

[*Mongst slender reeds —————*]

Arundineæ comæ; Achilles Tat. lib. 8. Καὶ ὁ μὲν ᾤητο τεθρησκέναι καὶ ἔχειν τῶν τριχῶν, καλάμων δὲ κόμην εἰ χεν ἢ χεῖρ. He thought to lay hold of her hair, but he caught the hair of the reeds in his hand.

[*Lakes without fall, still rivers without noise.*]

Pindar in the fragment before cited, Καὶ ποταμοὶ
τινὲς ἄκλαυσοι (*sine murmure*) καὶ λείοι διαρρέουσι.
There flow rivers without murmur, and smooth.

[————— *i' th' cloudy twilight* ———]

So described by *Virgil*,

———— *qualem primo quis surgere mense*

Aut videt aut vidisse putat, per nubila lunam.

Malfatti,

Ha la gran selva poca luce et bruna

Come talhor ch' oscuro vel nasconde,

A noi la bianca faccia della Luna.

[*Her birth of thunder* —————]

Reading with *Scriverius*,

Fulmineos Semele decepta puerpera partus

Deflet, et ambustis laterum per inania cunis

Ventilat ignarum simulati fulminis ignem.

[————— affecting thus,
Though hurt, the bloody hand of Cephalus.]

Not unlike is that of *Achilles Tatius*, lib. 2. Καὶ ἀποθνήσκων ἐκ ἑμισέ μὲ τὸν πονηρὸν ὃ ὑπ' ἐμῷ πεφονεύ-
 μενος, ἀλλὰ τὴν ψυχὴν ἀφῆκε τῇ φονευσάσῃ μὲ περι-
 πλεκόμενῳ δεξιᾷ. And dying, he was so far from
 hating unhappy me by whom he was slain, that he
 breathed forth his soul holding me by the murder-
 ous hand.

[*The maid, fallen from the Sestian tower's steep height,
 Brings the pale taper's dim and smoky light.*]

What *Musæus* λύχνον, *Ausonius* renders *testam*;
 so *Avienus* in *Aratus's* *Prognostics*, translates λύχ-
 νον, *testam*; nor is the signification of *testa* (though
 it seem only to imply an earthen lamp) narrower
 than that of λύχνῳ or λαμπᾶς, so frequent with the
 Latins, and by the old glossaries expounded *fax*, a
 torch, taper: as verse 50.

——— *et rutilæ fuscarent lampadis ignem.*

——— his radiant torches light.

From the Greeks, *Moschus*,

Βασιὰ λαμπὰς εὐῶσα, τὸν ἄλιόν αὐτὸν ἀναίθει.

——— his little torch which fires the sun.

[*Masculine Sappho* —————]

So called because she made trial of the Leucadian leap, only used by men. *Scaliger*.

Hither alludes *Statius*,

————— *saltus ingressa viriles,*

Nōn formidata temeraria Leucade Sappho.

————— rash Sappho, who essay'd

The manly leap, of Leucas not afraid.

[*Harmonia's gifts* —————]

Nonnus Dionys. 1. hath a large description of the workmanship in this chain, though *Lampsacenus* affirms it was valued for the matter, “gold which

was at that time rare amongst the Grecians," διὰ τὸ σπάνιον εἶναι τότε χρυσίον παρὰ τοῖς Ἑλλήσι. *Athenæus*, *Deipnos*, lib. 6. It was made by *Vulcan*, who gave it to *Venus* for a sight of *Cupid* when newly born. By her bestowed on *Harmonia* at her marriage with *Cadmus*; so derived to *Eriphyle*; by whose son *Alcmæon*, it was at *Apollo's* command dedicated to him at *Delphus*. Stolen thence by the wives of *Onomarchus*, *Phryllus*, and *Phælæcus*; to one of whom it fell by lot, no less unhappy than the other possessors of it.

[— his belt with golden ————]

Apollonius,

*Αυλικά δ' ἰοδοκὴν χρύσεη περικάτθετο μήτρη.

[Crowding together ————]

Facta nube, *Livy*, *peditum equitumque nubes*; *Statius*, *armorum*, a cloud of foot and horse, of arms.

S. Paul, *Hebr.* 12. 1. νέφος μαρτύρων, a cloud of

witnesses. *Hesychius*, νέφος, ἄθροισμα, πλῆθος, ἄηρ πεπυκνωμένον, a crowd, a cloud: so π is named from thickness.

[————— *Proserpine neglected*
Here long before Adonis crucified
For loving Venus —————]

He alludes to this fable; *Venus*, when she first fell in love with *Adonis*, delivered him to *Proserpina*, that being there kept private, she might securely and solely enjoy him. But *Proserpina*, immediately surprised with the same flame, when *Venus* comes to demand, denies to restore him. The difference is referred to *Jupiter*, who dividing the year into three parts, allotted one to *Adonis's* own disposal, all the second he was to be at *Venus's*, the third at *Proserpina's*: with this they were satisfied. But *Adonis*, best pleased with the conversation of *Venus*, resigned his own share also to her. For which unkindness *Proserpina* crucified him. *Lipsius de Cruce.*

[*That tender blood whereof the rose was born.*]

He seems to reflect upon some new original of the rose, different from that of *Adonis* or *Venus*; the same perhaps to which *Luxurius* alludes: *Hortus erat Veneris*, &c.

Venus a garden had with roses deck'd,

Her joy; which none could see and not affect:

Her son here plucking flowers his head t' adorn,

Prick'd his white finger with a piercing thorn;

Blood from his hand, tears dropping from his eyes,

To his fair mother running, thus he cries.

“Who arm'd the rose with these blood-thirsty spears,

'Gainst me he wars, and yet my colours bears.”

[*She whips the crying boy —————*]

Lucian, much to this effect, Ἡδὴ καὶ πλεγαῖς αὐτῷ ἐνέτεινα εἰς τὰς πυγὰς τῷ σανδάλῳ, ὃ δὲ, ἐκ οἷδ' ὅπως τὸ παραυτίκα δεδιῶς, καὶ ἰκελεύων, μετ' ὀλίγον ἐπιλέλῃσαι ἅπαντα. *Dial. Ven. et Lunæ.*

EXCITATIONS

UPON VENUS' VIGILS.

The opinions of learned men concerning the author of this poem differ much; *Manutius* (whom *Erasmus* follows) and *Lilius Giralduſ*, aſcribe it to *Catullus Veronensis*; others (amongſt whom is *Scaliger*) to *Catullus Urbicarius*. *Lipsius* refers it to the times of *Auguſtus*; *Barthius* to *Seneca*; *Salmaſius* to ſome cotemporary with *Solinus*. But it is not poſſible to diſcover more of the Author than the ſtyle confeſſeth, that he was of the more modern time.

VENUS' VIGILS.

AN encomium of *Venus* upon occaſion of the *Per-vigilium* (or wake) yearly obſerved in honour of her, three nights together: for which reaſon ſhe is called

by *Plautus Noctuvigila*, a night-watcher. That of *Anysius* is of the same name and nature; and because it gives no little light to ours, we will produce it.

Venus, whose fair deity
 Cnidus doth and Cyprus sway,
 Round about the Cupids fly,
 And the wanton Graces play.

Thee, our pious mother Earth,
 Life, and love of plants desires;
 Trees receive, and give new birth,
 Warm'd with thy enlivening fires.

Thee the thirsty furrows call,
 When, in drops of welcome rain,
 Gems from thy rich bosom fall,
 And adorn the glittering plain.

On the Heliconian hill,
And Olympus, simples grow,
Fed by thee, to which their skill
Chiron, and wise Circe owe.

In a blush the rose her shame
Doth for wounding thee discover,
Yet, to sooth thy amorous flame
Wears the picture of thy lover.

Over all, thy power presides;
What the foodful earth maintains,
What through air or water glides,
Or the dark abyss restrains.

Thee the night's black Regent knew,
When o'er *Ætna* his fair prize,
Swift Tartarian horses drew,
Shook the earth, o'er-cast the skies.

On the liquid marble plain,
Thy sharp darts impression make,
Not the waters of the main,
Could the fires of Neptune slake.

Gods celestial thee have felt
Slyly proving strange escapes;
Jove himself thy flame did melt
Into misbeseeming shapes.

The kind heat thy torch inspires
In young virgins, no art smothers;
Not thyself is from those fires
Free, with which thou scorcest others.

Some remains of Mars's love,
Yet in thy warm breast are left;
May he ever constant prove,
Nor the sun betray your theft.

Men and maids thy name invoke,
That, in thy strict fetters bound,
They may jointly bear thy yoke;
Be with numerous issue crown'd.

Flowers and myrtles see we bring;
With our gifts thy altars blaze;
Boys, imposing incense, sing,
Virgins answer in thy praise.

Erycine appear, appear,
Thy bright star no longer hide,
Come enjoy thy pleasures here,
Freely as on wond'ring Ide.

[*The spring appears* —————]

This *Pervigilium* was always solemnized on the
beginning of April. *Calendarium vetus*, KAL. APRIL.
VENERI SACRUM CUM FLORIBUS MYRTO. *Macro-*

bius almost in the words of our author, *Saturnal.* 1. 21. *Cum sol emergerit ab inferioribus partibus terræ, vernalisque æquinocitii transgreditur fines, augendo diem, tunc et Venus læta, et pulchra virent arva segetibus, prata herbis, arbores foliis. Ideo maiores nostri Aprilem mensem Veneri dicaverunt.* When the sun ascends above the lower parts of the earth, and passeth the bounds of the vernal equinoctial, lengthening the days, then is Venus glad, the fair fields are green with corn, the meadows with grass, the trees with leaves. For this reason our forefathers dedicated the month of April to *Venus*.

[————— in which the earth

Receives a new harmonious birth.]

From the birds; therefore called, *Cantic.* 2. 12.

עַתָּה הַזִּמְרָה the time of singing.

Virgil,

Avia tum resonat avibus virgulta canoris,

Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus.

Manilius, lib. 3.

*Tum pecudum volucrumque genus per pabula læta
In Venerem partumque ruit; totumque canora
Voce nemus loquitur, frondemque virescit in unam.*

Which explain the following verse,

[*When all things mutual love unites.*]

As doth *Oppian* more largely, *Cyneget.* 1.

*Εἰαρι γὰρ μᾶλλον φιλοτήσια μέμλεται ἔργα
Θηρσίτε, &c.

Καὶ δ' αὐτοῖς μερόπεσσιν ἐν εἰαρι μᾶλλον ἔρωλει.

*Εἰαρι γὰρ πάνδημον ἐπιβρίθει Κυθήρεια.

Chiefly i' th' spring, the mutual rites of love,
Beasts, hounds, and dragons, birds and fishes
prove, &c.

I' th' spring Love gently glides through human
veins,

The spring, when universal *Venus* reigns.

[*When birds perform their nuptial rites.*]

So *Oppian*, of the boar, γάμον ἐξέλεσσε, of

bears, γαμήν ἐννή. *Petronius* and *Apuleius* frequently *nuptias facere* in the same sense.

[*Love's Queen to-morrow, in the shade,
Which by these verdant trees is made.*]

Venus delights in shades (saith *Weitzius*) because they conceal stolen pleasures; rather to skreen her beauty from the sun.

Euripides.

Λευκὴν δὲ χροιάν εἰς παρασκευὴν ἔχεις,
Οὐχ' ἡλίου βολαῖσιν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ σκιάς
Τὴν Ἀφροδίτην καλλονῇ διηρῶμεν.

With the sun's beams unscorch'd is thy fair cheek,
Who to preserve thy beauty shades dost seek.

[*To-morrow rais'd on a high throne,
Dione shall her laws make known.*]

Thronus, imperii insigne. Sophocles, Oedip. tyran.
ascribes one to *Diana*; the words are thus to be restored;

Πρῶτά σε κέκλοιμ' ἐγὼ
 Θύγαλ'ερ διὸς
 Ἄμ'ε'ροτ' ἀθάνα
 Γαῖάοχον τ' ἀδελφεαὶν
 Ἄρ'ε'μιν, ἀκυκλόεντ' ἀγορᾶς
 Θρόνον εὐκλεᾶ θάσσει.

[— horses whom two feet sustain.]

Hippocampi, sea-horses, *Nonius*. *Hippocampi equi marini*, a flexu candarum quæ piscosæ sunt, ending in fishes. *Hippopotami*, (river-horses) were another species, perfectly resembling horses with four feet; proper to *Nilus*.

[*Rising Dione* —————]

That *Venus* was named *Dione*, as well as her mother, is not unknown to any but *Brassicanus*, who in that of *Petronius*,

*Nympharum Bacchique comes quem pulchra Dione
Divitibus silvis numen dedit* —————

endeavours to substitute *quam* for *quem*, and to apply it to *Venus*: and most properly is she called so if the word be derived from ἡδονή. *Plato* in *Philebo*, τὸ ἀληθέστατον ἀφροδίτης ὄνομα ἡδονή. Pleasure (ἡδονή) is the truest name of *Venus*. But *Venus* the daughter of *Dione* was not the same with her that rose out of the sea. *Cicero de natura Deor.* lib. 3. *Altera spuma procreata, ex qua et Mercurio Cupidinem secundum natum esse accepimus; Tertia Jove nata et Dione quæ nupsit Vulcano.* The other was produced of Foam; who had by *Mercury* the second *Cupid*; the third born of *Jupiter* and *Dione*, married to *Vulcan*; this it appears the author of our *Pervigilium* forgot. But that *Semele* was termed *Dione*, as the scholiast of *Pindar* affirms, citing out of *Euripides*,

Ω παῖ Διώνης ὃς ἔφυσ μέγας Διόνυσε

Great *Bacchus* from *Dione* sprung,

I believe rather to be a mistake for θυώνη, a name given to *Semele*, ὅτι θυεῖ καὶ ἐνθουσιᾷ κατὰ τὰς χόρας;

or at least this name is begot from the corruption of the other.

[————— *did beget.*]

Fecit, procreavit, which seems more than an idiom of the latter age, as *Salmasius* would have it. *Tertullian* useth the same word of our Saviour, *Christum factum*, so *Epist. ad Hebr.* *Considerate Jesum fidelem ei qui fecit eum*. A phrase derived from the Greeks, ποιεῖν τέκνα, παιδοποιεῖν.

[*With fruitful waters* —————]

Maritos imbres (saith *Lipsius*) *appellat spumam et cruorem*; as if he meant *maritados, mixtos*: but *Nonnus* interprets it much better, of the water only,

————— θαλασσιγόνες Παφίης νυμφῆϊον ὕδωρ.

[*With flow'ry jewels every where*

She paints the purple colour'd year.]

Oppian, Cyneg. 1.

*Εἰαρι γὰρ βοτάνησιν ἄδην ποιοιστρόφος αἶα

Ἄνθεσι πληθύνετε πολύπνοοι: ἀμφίδε πάντη

Ἑυσέφανοι λειμῶνες ἀνήροια πορφύρεσι.

Achilles Tatius, lib. 1. Τὰ δὲ ἄνθη ποικίλην ἔχοντα τὴν χροιάν ἐν μέρει ξυνέφαινε τὸ κάλλος καὶ ἦν τεῖτο τῆς γῆς πορφύρα καὶ ναρκίσσος καὶ ῥόδον. Every various coloured flower displayed its beauty, the earth was purpled with the narcissus and rose. *Gemmis floribus*, as *Martial*, *virgines chartæ*; we need not (with *Salmasius*) read *Gemmeis*.

[*She, when the rising bud receives*

Favonius' breath, thrusts forth the leaves.]

Ipsa surgentes papillas (alabastros rosæ calyces nondum dehiscentes, rosebuds not blown), de favoni spiritu, urget propellit effundit in folia; Virgil trudit,

Sed trudit gemmas et flores explicat omnes.

But thrusts forth gems, and all its leaves unfolds.

[*The naked roof with these t' adorn.*]

In nudos penates; hiberno tempore destitutos floribus. In the winter destitute of flowers. *Scriver.*

[*Pregnant with these, the bashful rose
Her purple blushes doth disclose.*]

Hinc (ex hisce guttis) pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ: Nonnus Dionys.

Ἀρίφανῆς καὶ γυμνὸν ἐπ' εὐόδοιο καλύπτει
Ἐιαρίναις ἐγέλασσε λελευμένον ἄνδρα ἑέρσαις
Ζωογόνοις.

[*I' th' morn by her command, each maid
With dewy roses is array'd.*]

Ipsa jussit mane ut udcæ virgines nubant (velent) rosæ. Onomasticum nubo καλύπτω, properly operio. Arnob. Quod aqua nubat terram appellatus est Neptunus. Weitzius.

[*And the sun's purple lustre —*]
Deque solis purpuris. Why *solis* here should be

an adjective (as supposed by *Weitzius* and the other interpreters) I understand not: I should sooner believe it relates to the whole verse, *De solis gemmis flammis et purpuris*, from the sun's jewels flames and purple.

[She to her spouse shall married be
To-morrow, not asham'd, that he
Should then the single knot untie
Of her bright garment's purple die.]

*Cras ruborem qui latebat veste tinctus ignea unico
marita nodo non pudebit solvere.* *Oppian* expressly,

Οππότε γαῖα βροτοῖσι φυτηκομέεσι γέγηθεν·

Οππότε κ' καλύκεσσι κ' ἄνθεσιν ἄμματα λυεῖ.

When earth the toils of husbandmen doth prize,

When she the knots of flowers and buds unties.

Where *Bodinus* and *Ritterhusius* endeavour to corrupt the text by changing ἄμματα into ὄμματα.

Pliny speaking of the lily, 21. 5. *Nudantibus se nodulis*, when the knots (the buds) are blown. The allusion here reflects upon ἄμμα κορελης, *nodus virgi-*

nitatis (as *Palladas* in *Anthol.*) or that known ceremony of untying the bride's zone.

[*Love naked is completely arm'd.*]

Est in armis totus idem quando nodus est amor.
Salustius the Platonist, *de diis et mundo*, cap. 6.
 Ωπλισαι δὲ ἡ Ἀθηνᾶ, γυμνὴ δὲ ἡ Ἀφροδίτη· ἐπειδὴ
 ἁρμονία μὲν τὸ κάλλος ποιεῖ, τὸ δὲ κάλλος ἐν τοῖς
 ὁρωμένοις ἔκρυπτεται. *Pallas* is armed, *Venus* naked;
 for harmony makes beauty; because beauty in visible things is not hidden.

[*Ceres nor Bacchus absent be.*]

Euripides, *Bacch.*

οἷος δὲ μηκέτ' ὄντος ἔστιν Κύπρις.

[*All night we wholly must employ*

In vigils, and in songs of joy.]

De tenente tota non est pervigilanda canticis, id.
continenter uno tenore ac de uno tenenti: Galli d'un
tenant. Salmas.

[*The husband shower then courts his spouse,
And in her sacred bosom flows.*]

Euripides,

Τὴν Ἀφροδίτην ἔχ' ὀρεῶς ὅση θεός;

Ἦν ἔδ' αὖ εἴποις, &c.

How far *Cythera's* power extends,

No speech, no fancy comprehends.

Me, thee, and all she doth sustain.

The barren earth affects the rain.

Heaven big with showers, this Queen of Loves

To fall into Earth's bosom moves.

These two, commix'd with mutual heat,

All things that serve mankind, beget.

Columella, with no less eloquence,

Maximus ipse Deum, posito jam fulmine, fallax,

Acrisionæos veteres imitatur amores,

Inque sinus matris violento depluit imbre,

Nec Genitrix Nati tunc aspernabat Amorem,

Sed patitur nexus flammata cupidine tellus.

The chief of gods disarm'd, with kind deceit,

His old Acrisian loves doth imitate;

276 EXCITATIONS UPON VENUS' VIGILS.

Himself into his mother's bosom reins:
Nor Earth th' affection of her son distains,
But equally enflam'd, melts his embrace.

[*Cæsar her nephew she created.*]

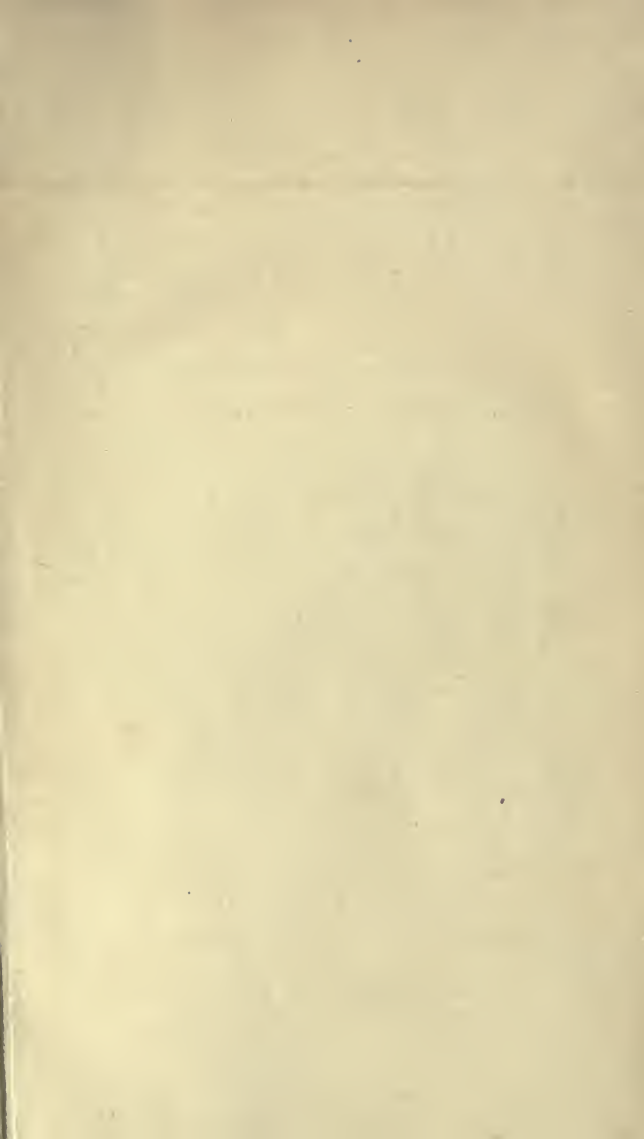
Julius; by *Virgil* called *Dionæus*: this is easily confirmed by *Cicero*, *Ovid*, and others. For *Lipsius* (who understands it of *Augustus*) is not to be heard.

[*See how the bulls their sides distend.*]

Following *Salmasius*, who reads, *Ecce jam super genestas explicant Tauri latus.*

THE END.

From the Private Press of
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.
Printed by T. DAVISON, Whitefriars, London.





PA
3622
S76
1815

Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus,
with other translations
A new ed.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

